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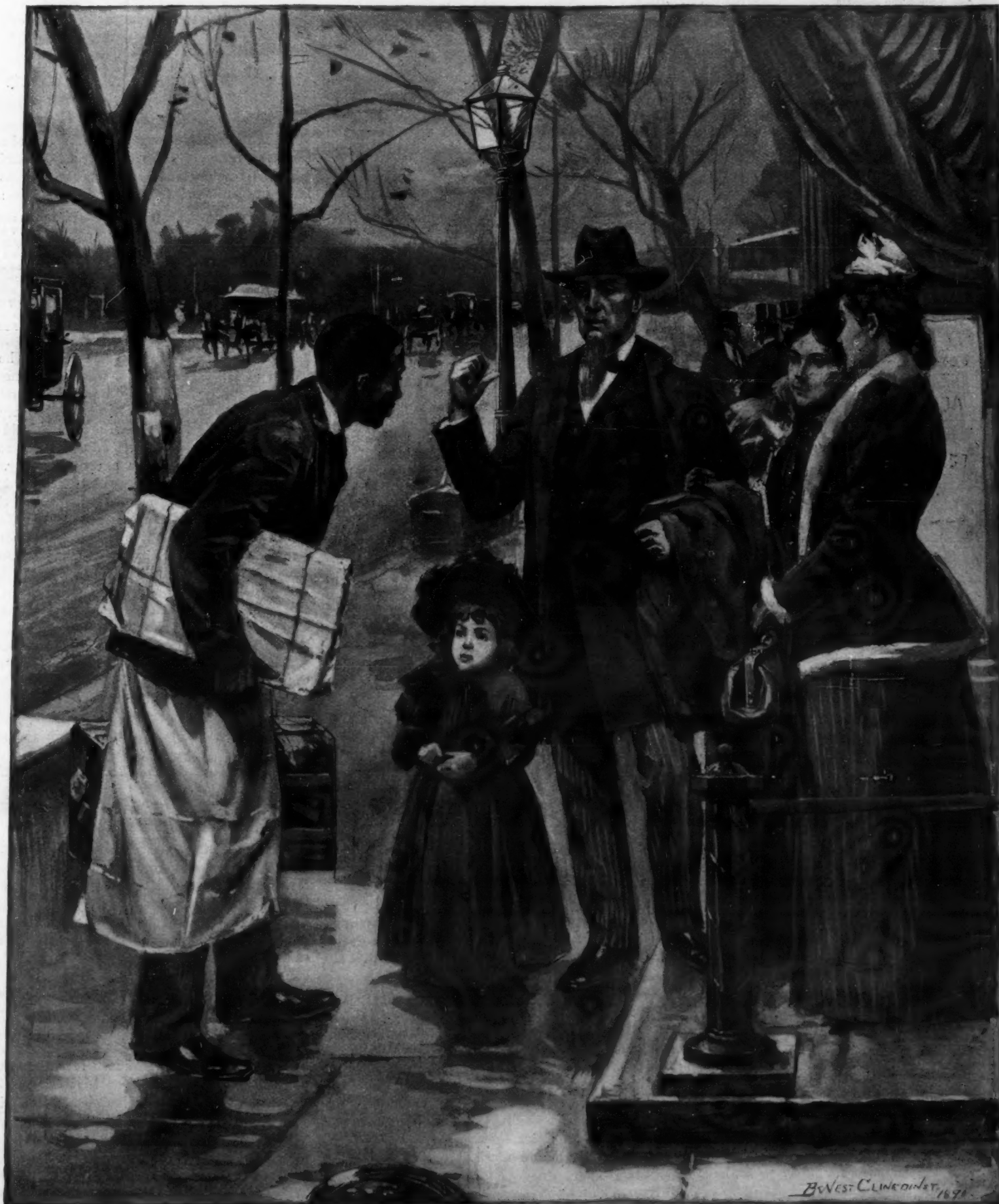
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# FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY

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SKETCHES AT THE NATIONAL CAPITAL—THE ARRIVAL OF THE NEW CONGRESSMAN.

DRAWN BY B. WEST CLINEDINST.—[SEE PAGE 119.]

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An article on "The Government of Our Cities," from the pen of Mr. Edwin A. Curley, and supplementary to his recent paper on "Democracy and City Government," will be the leading editorial contribution to next week's issue of this paper. The second article by Captain R. Kelso Carter on "The Coming Physical Transformation of the Earth" will appear in the same number.

OVER-PRODUCTION OF COTTON?

THE statement has been made that the price of cotton is now lower than it ever was before. This is an error. In Shepperson's "Cotton Facts" the highest and lowest prices in New York for middling upland cotton are given:

Year.	Highest.	Lowest.
1842.....	9 cents.	7 cents.
1843.....	8 "	5 "
1844.....	9 "	5 "
1845.....	9 "	4 "
1846.....	9 "	6 "

These prices did not seem to affect the area planted in any considerable measure. The crops of the years subsequent to each of the above were as follows:

Crop of 1843-4.....	2,080,000 bales.
" " 1844-5.....	2,394,000 "
" " 1845-6.....	2,100,000 "
" " 1846-7.....	1,779,000 "
" " 1847-8.....	2,423,000 "

If the low price of cotton raised at the high cost and wasteful method of slave labor did not cause any material variation in the planting of the subsequent crop, varying as crops did, then and now, according to the weather and the season, it is not probable that the larger production of the present day, at the low and lessening cost of free labor, will be followed by any considerable variation in the area planted, whatever the agreement—or apparent agreement—to limit planting may be. It may also be observed that in the former period of low prices all the seed was wasted; at the present time all the seed is saved, constituting an additional resource or element of remuneration or profit to the cotton-grower.

There may, however, be some effects growing out of the present very large crops which in the end may be very beneficial, even to those who now appear to be injured by the so-called over-production and the low prices.

First, cotton is no longer king. The low price of cotton, although it may remain the main resource for cash of many growers, will yet induce cotton-growers to vary their product even more than they do now, and to become more self-sustaining.

Second, it is said that a very large part of the cotton crops now rests under what can only be called a vicious system—a system of mortgaging or putting a lien upon the crops before they are grown. It is said that these liens are put upon the crops by those who advance supplies and fertilizers, and it is said that in very many instances these advances are made at about double the cash market price of such supplies. If such are the conditions, then it would account for the readiness with which those who make the advances have liquidated the accounts by taking over so many bales of cotton without any particular regard to the grade of the cotton. Down to the very large crop of last year the variation in price between ordinary, good ordinary, low middling, and middling cotton has not been anything like the true difference in value; consequently, those who had made advances on the crop, looking mainly to the double price of the supplies for their profit, have offered to liquidate the accounts without discriminating in any considerable measure upon the quality of the cotton. But now that a choice is given; now that there is a full supply of high-grade cotton, there is increasing disparity in the price of the several

grades. It will not be as safe to trust to getting a certain number of bales; it will be necessary for those who make their advances to get their returns in so many bales of good cotton; therefore there is at length some prospect of an improvement in the handling of American cotton.

Third, it has fallen to me very often to say that there is no great and necessary article of commerce in the world, whether raised and packed in barbarous, semi-barbarous, or civilized countries, that is so barbarously treated and so unsuitably made up as the bale of American cotton. It is partly, if not wholly, due to this barbarous method of making up the bale—covering it, then cutting it and ripping it for sampling—rolling it in the mud, exposing it to the weather, maltreating it in every way—that renders it a more and more dangerous article with respect to fire when placed in the hold of a steamship to be carried abroad. There are already several inventions and several new methods of covering and making up the bale of cotton which would be vast improvements on the present methods, and which might make an American bale of cotton more fit to be dealt with in package instead of less, as compared to the East Indian bale. Whether the intelligence and self-interest of the Southern cotton-grower will ever become equal to that of the Chinese cotton-grower remains to be proved. The writer had but one experience in working cotton grown in China; it was of the shortest staple, and the most difficult to work of any cotton he had ever purchased. On the other hand, it was the most perfectly handled and perfectly packed cotton which he had ever seen, and in the middle of each bale was the name and exact address of the Chinaman by whom it had been raised.

It may be interesting to bear in mind that the people of this country consume about fifteen to sixteen pounds of cotton each in every year, while the Chinese, who are clothed mainly in cotton, may perhaps consume five pounds per year. They are supplied by foreign countries, Great Britain and America combined, with a quantity of cotton goods that might possibly suffice for thirty millions out of their computed number of four hundred millions at five pounds per head; the rest are clothed in hand-spun and hand-woven fabrics, made from the kind of cotton of which I have given a description. And if the population is rightly computed, China at five pounds a head consumes hand-made fabrics equal to three or four million bales of American cotton made from their own poor staple.

There are, aside from the Chinese, some six hundred million or more non-manufacturing people in the world who need cotton fabrics, who might be supplied with machine-made or factory cotton, and who consume *per capita* less than the Chinese; there is therefore, as yet, no over-production of cotton. It is a mere congestion in one place—or, rather, due to a fault in distribution.

The problems before the cotton-grower at the present time are manifold:

First, how each one may make better cotton than his neighbor, so as to get the best price.

Second, how to put up his cotton and protect his bale, so that it may have the preference as a package over others.

Third, how to avoid the disaster which would affect the cotton-grower more than almost any one else, if the standard of value of this country were depreciated, either by taking out thirty per cent. from the weight of the gold coin, or—what comes to the same thing—by the adoption of the free coinage of silver dollars of full legal tender, worth only seventy cents on the dollar.

Fourth, how to promote the wider export of the cotton fabrics of this country, which, in their coarser and medium grades are very much better than any other cotton fabrics of like kind that are made in any other country; the medium fabrics of England being loaded with starch and pipe-clay to the extent of from twenty-five to forty per cent. of their weight, while the coarse fabrics made in Germany are manufactured chiefly from East India cotton, which is of very poor quality, and must always remain so, as compared to our own.

It would, therefore, seem to the uninstructed man, or to one who never raised any cotton, that the right way to meet the difficulties of the present time would be to improve the whole crop, to diminish the cost of production, to conduct the work on a cash basis, to

diversify the product of the farm and make it self-sustaining, and finally to promote acts of reciprocity—which is but another name for free exchange—with about one thousand million people who are now insufficiently clothed and who have little or no ready money, by removing the obstructions to the import of their products, which are their only means of payment, in place of keeping them out by high taxes.

We may even say that there can be no real over-production of cotton, provided those who need the cloth are enabled to pay for it in the only way in which they can pay: to wit, by the exchange of their own products, sugar, wool, hides, dye-stuffs, varieties of wood, and all the other articles which are grist to our mills, or which are materials of necessary consumption in our own domestic industry; many of which we now attempt to exclude by our almost prohibitory taxes on imports.

Edmund Atkinson

Boston, February, 1892.

THEY PREFER A STRADDLE.

THE Springfield Republican deprecates any movement which tends to place before the Chicago convention, in connection with the Presidential nomination, the name of the Governor of Massachusetts, who has recently shown evidences of great popularity in his State. In a recent issue it says:

"Would the nomination of such a man [as Russell] be a sufficient and satisfactory pledge that the Democratic party commits itself to honesty and reform? Unfortunately it would mean that the party is afraid to nominate a man who has already shown on a broader stage all Governor Russell's good qualities, and who by those very merits has earned the hostility of the party's worst elements. It would be the deliberate sacrifice of a man whose virtue has cost something for a man whose virtue has so far been popular and profitable. It would be just as if the Liberal party of England were to give up Mr. Gladstone's leadership because he has earned the hate of the aristocracy, and substitute one of his lieutenants like John Morley or James Bryce."

The Springfield Republican is right. The nomination of Governor Russell would only mean that the Democratic party, as has been unfortunately too often the case in recent years, is again attempting to escape vital issues. It should always be said to the credit of ex-President Cleveland that he, in so far as he was able, committed his party to a policy. With him as its nominee there could be no question as to what position our opponents would take in the coming campaign as to the great economic questions now under discussion. But it is questionable whether the Democratic party would prefer a man of honest and outspoken convictions. If it does, Mr. Cleveland will be its nominee. We imagine, however, that it will yield to the influence of the politicians and those who believe that success is only won by straddling as many important questions of the day as possible.

The nomination of such men as ex-President Cleveland by the Democratic party and President Harrison by the Republican party would mean a better and higher moral tone in politics; and there would be reason to believe that within the next fifteen or twenty years the questions of silver and tariff would be settled once for all in accordance with the wishes of the people.

THE PRESIDENT-MAKERS.

It is gratifying to learn that the President-makers at Washington who are opposed to the re-election of Mr. Harrison have at last found the right man. The Great Unknown, as he is called by the Chicago *Inter-Ocean*, is described as possessing some unique qualifications. He is said to be a "vote-getter," a "man of notable military record," "popular with the agricultural classes," and "with long experience in civil life." Besides, he has "a quaint personality which would make him a picturesque figure in the national campaign." It is added that he has no knowledge that he has been chosen by the President-makers, or that he is under consideration. It is also stated that those who have decided upon him as a candidate do not propose to have delegates elected in his interest. This is a bit of modesty for which the country will be properly grateful, but at the same time it is a little difficult to see how this wonderful candidate can be nominated without the votes of delegates in his favor. The name of the gentleman is not given, but the description is so definite that no one can doubt that it is Uncle Jerry Rusk who is thus to lead the opposition to President Harrison. Of course it goes without saying that, if any such movement is really

on foot, it will never attain any serious dimensions. Not only will Secretary Rusk put his foot upon it, but the sober second thought of those who have instigated it will show the folly of persisting in it.

The truth is that all these side movements among Republicans amount to nothing whatever, as indicative of the real drift of public opinion concerning the Presidency. As the matter now stands none of the candidates who are in the field will develop any considerable strength outside of the States from which they come. Michigan may support General Alger; Illinois may cast its vote for Senator Cullom, or for Lincoln; Iowa may suggest Senator Allison (despite his recent protest), and one or two other States may present some "favorite sons" for the honor of a complimentary vote, but this little play will not in the least affect the general result. President Harrison's hold upon the country is too secure to be appreciably impaired by the machinations of the partisan schemers whose hostility is inspired by the fact that they have been unable to use him for their own selfish purposes.

#### THE LEGISLATIVE INQUISITIONS.

THE legislative commissions formed to investigate the proposed arrangements among certain railroad companies, known as the "Reading Railroad Deal," do not seem likely to answer any useful purpose. Indeed, it seems more probable that they may, as was asserted by one of the New Jersey legislators, become the laughing-stock of the country; or at least, as another declared, be "an abortion and a farce."

Before the terms of such arrangement were made public, or even completed, and upon mere newspaper reports, the Legislatures of three States appointed committees to investigate the facts, with instructions to send for persons and papers. These committees at once entered upon their work, and sent for various officers of the companies and ordered the production of the proposed leases and agreements. Some of the officers have appeared and have made courteous answers, but have given very little information. Some have failed to appear, and the committees find themselves foiled at the outset. This was to be expected from the vague and premature nature of the proposed inquiry. The railroad companies are legal organizations, and propose to make some arrangements, by lease or other contracts, for their mutual advantage. Until such arrangements are completed and made public, it cannot be known that they are unlawful. It must be presumed that they will be lawful. If they shall prove not to be so, the remedy is in the courts and not in the law-making bodies. The Legislatures can issue no injunction to restrain them. Nor have they any such power to compel the production of books and papers, and answers to inquiries, as will result in any satisfactory elucidation of the facts. This latter difficulty is what led to the emphatic remarks in the New Jersey Legislature above alluded to.

Before these commissions were appointed the famous case of Hallett Kilbourn in 1880, as it is set forth in the opinion of the Supreme Court of the United States read by Mr. Justice Miller, should have been carefully considered. In 1876 the firm of Jay Cooke & Co. had failed, and the real-estate pool of the District of Columbia was the subject of wide public comment. The banking firm had an interest in it, and the United States had a claim against the firm. Thereupon Congress appointed a committee to inquire into the nature and history of the pool and the property of the firm involved in it, with power to send for persons and papers. They sent for Hallett Kilbourn and he came, but flatly refused to answer. He was called before the House and ordered to answer. He refused and was committed for contempt. He went to prison and lived like a gentleman, but in stubborn contumacy. He denied the power of the House to compel him to answer, and when they got tired of holding him in durance he brought suit against the speaker, the sergeant-at-arms, and the committee for trespass. Upon demurrer to his complaint the Supreme Court determined the whole question of the power of the legislative body to compel witnesses to answer to such an inquiry. It determined that the resolution of the House was in excess of its power; that it could not compel Kilbourn to tell more than he chose to tell; that the warrant for his commitment was void, and that his imprisonment was without lawful authority.

In reaching these conclusions Mr. Justice Miller asked some questions which the present legislative inquisitors would do well to consider. He said:

"How could the House of Representatives know, until it had been fairly tried, that the courts would be powerless to redress the creditors of Jay Cooke & Co.?" What inadequacy of power existed in the courts to give redress which could lawfully be supplied by an investigation of one house of Congress or by any act or resolution of Congress on the subject? What was the real-estate pool? Is it charged with any crime or offense? If so, the courts alone can punish the members of it. Is it charged with a fraud against the government? Here again the courts and they alone can afford a remedy. Was it a corporation whose powers Congress can repeal? There is no suggestion of the kind. Can the rights of the pool or of its members, and the rights of the debtor, and of the creditor of the debtor be determined by the report of a committee or by an act of Congress? If they cannot, what authority has the House to

enter upon this investigation into the private affairs of individuals who hold no office under the government?"

Questions like these may well be pondered by the gentlemen composing these committees and by their legal advisers before they send their sergeants-at-arms to arrest any recalcitrant witnesses, and by the legislative bodies before they commit them to prison for contempt. They may find some Hallett Kilbourn who will be glad to pose as a martyr, and who will be plucky enough to bring speaker, sergeant-at-arms, and committee before the court in a suit for damages.

In the Kilbourn case the court declared with great emphasis that it is essential to the working of our system of government that the lines which separate the executive, legislative, and judicial departments shall be clearly defined and closely followed, and that neither of them shall be permitted to encroach upon the powers exclusively confided to the others. The failure to observe this warning may subject these committees to another question put by Mr. Justice Miller in the Kilbourn case—"Was it to be simply fruitless investigation into the personal affairs of individuals?" And to this question he gave the answer, "If so, the House of Representatives had no power or authority in the matter more than any other equal number of gentlemen interested in the government of their country."

#### THE VERDICT OF NEW YORK.

THE sweeping victories achieved by the Republicans in the spring elections in New York demonstrate very clearly the popular estimate of the recent political crimes of Senator Hill and his associates. These gentlemen stole the State Senate by methods defiant alike of law, justice, and decency. They juggled with the ballot-boxes, falsified returns, put contempt upon the decrees of courts, and actually committed downright robbery in order to consummate, finally, their theft of the legislative power of the State. They imagined that, being intrenched in power, they would be secure against assault. They have discovered their mistake. The people have answered their insolent challenge by branding with defeat and disgrace every member of this infamous gang of political scoundrels who could be reached at the polls.

In the State at large there is a gain of ninety-four Republican supervisors and a loss of ninety-nine Democratic over last year—eleven counties which were then controlled by the Democrats having now repudiated that party. In Dutchess County, where the rascality of Senator Hill's agents was ostentatiously audacious, the verdict of the people is crushing in its emphasis, all the leading participants in the theft of Senator Deane's seat being decisively defeated. In other counties Democratic supervisors who stained their hands with fraud have met a like deserved fate at the hands of an outraged public.

It is only fair to say that this vindication of the majesty of the law and the honor of the State is something more than a partisan triumph. Right-thinking Democrats in all parts of the State co-operated with Republicans in rebuking the conspirators against popular rights. The result is all the more impressive and significant because it thus reveals the supremacy of conscience over partisan prejudice and passion, and shows that there is a reserve potency in a righteous public opinion which no criminal, or party of criminals, can successfully defy.

But the results so far achieved, gratifying as they are, do not altogether avenge the crime by which the Senate of the State was fraudulently passed over to Democratic control. The offenders so far reached were subordinates in the game. The big scoundrels—the men who planned the outrage, the officials who permitted and who perpetrated the theft of a public document from official custody, and those other officials who, in violation of their solemn oaths and of the decisions of the courts, deliberately sustained the frauds of lesser criminals—these must now be reached. They are already branded with disgrace, but that is not enough. They have defied the law; now let them be pursued and prosecuted under the law and compelled to pay the penalty it decrees for every crime of which they may be proved to be guilty. We cannot afford to condone the offenses of criminals so insolent and unscrupulous. Let no guilty man escape!

#### TOPICS OF THE WEEK.

THE Boies boom for the Presidency is running around loose out in Iowa, and we do not see that anybody is making any great effort to catch it. If something is not done to arrest it, it will presently run itself into the ground, and that would be inexpressibly disappointing to the excellent Governor, who is just now all aglow with the belief that it will land him in the White House.

If it is a good thing to know one's mind, our esteemed friend of the Louisville *Courier-Journal* must be one of the happiest of men. We notice that recently he declared that, while he did not like Mr. Hill, the *Journal* would, in the event of his nomination for the Presidency, give him its cordial support, and in the meantime would refrain from saying anything that it might have to retract. The day

following the *Journal* declared that thousands of the friends of Mr. Cleveland may consent to lose him as a candidate because they cannot help themselves, but "they will not accept Mr. Hill"; and then adds: "The transition is too abrupt; the wrench is too violent." It is quite plain that Mr. Watterson knows his own mind.

A CORRESPONDENT sends us some inquiries concerning the Mutual Reserve Fund Association and the trustworthiness of the statements made in its late annual report. We have no means of ascertaining the precise truth as to the situation of this company. It is proper to say, however, that very many people regard some of its claims as exaggerated, and express the conviction that it should be thoroughly examined by the State Superintendent of Insurance, to the end that the suspicions as to its responsibility may be definitely settled.

THE employes' relief system maintained by the Pennsylvania Railroad seems to be in every way beneficent. Last year the receipts of the relief fund, which has 27,200 members, amounted to \$741,542, of which there was paid to the families of employes in death benefits—three hundred and seventy persons in all—and for sickness and accidents, the sum of \$530,182. The great benefits arising from this fund are shown in the fact that it is now, including the expenses of administration, distributing nearly fifty thousand dollars per month for the purpose of relieving the suffering necessarily arising from accident, sickness, and death among the employes who have availed themselves of its provisions. Another excellent institution connected with the Pennsylvania road is the Employes' Savings Fund, which now has 3,155 depositors, with total deposits of \$805,366.

THE situation in the famine districts of Russia seems to be growing steadily worse. In some localities the population has been decimated, and the famine is changing the peasantry who remain into wild beasts, who hesitate at no atrocity. Acts of violence are becoming common among the lower order of the inhabitants, many of whom are reduced to the use of bread made of wild hemp, and the carcasses of horses. The government, either from want of interest or of correct information, seems to be wholly incapable of meeting the demands of the situation. Meanwhile the smouldering opposition to the imperial authority has again manifested itself in a conspiracy against the life of the Czar, which included several government officials, military and naval officers, as well as students and other persons, many of whom have been arrested. Russia cannot much longer resist the pressure of liberal ideas from without and the influence of progressive thought within, and she will be wise to recognize the logic of events before it is too late to do so with safety and honor.

THE importance of diversified industries to the healthful prosperity of a community is coming to be quite generally appreciated at the South. Manufacturing enterprises have been introduced in nearly all the important towns, and we now see that in the city of Memphis an organization of business men has been formed for the express purpose of aiding manufacturing enterprises already established there and introducing new plants from abroad. To this end a fund is to be raised by subscription which is to be under the control of a responsible board, who may invest it in sites for factories and in the stock of manufacturing plants, or loan it in aid of enterprises already established. The Commercial Association of Memphis, which gives its earnest support to the new movement, rightly holds that home industries are an essential of growth and wealth, and strongly urges the local merchants to encourage home and foreign capital to seek investment in industrial production. It is quite evident that the foundation principle of the protective system is making its way among the Southern people.

It will be remembered that one element of difficulty in the adjustment of the trouble with Italy over the maltreatment of certain alleged Italian subjects in New Orleans was the want of Federal jurisdiction in the prosecution of the persons concerned in the outrage. The offense having been violative of State law, the punishment of the offenders was purely a matter for the State courts; if they did nothing to punish, then no redress for the wrong could be had. The defect in our system disclosed by these circumstances is now to be remedied, a bill having been introduced in the Senate which proposes to give the general government jurisdiction in cases of this character. The main provision of the bill is that any act committed in any State or Territory violative of the rights of the citizens or subjects of a foreign country, where secured to them by treaty, shall, when the act constitutes a crime or misdemeanor under the State laws, be constituted a like crime or misdemeanor against the peace and dignity of the United States, and may be prosecuted in the United States courts, and punishment imposed in like manner as for other offenses under Federal law. The passage of this bill would correct the difficulty which now exists, and it is to be hoped that it will receive the prompt attention of Congress.

ARMORY OF THE SEVENTY-FIRST  
NEW YORK REGIMENT.

THE Seventy-first Regiment of New York National Guards has had an honorable record of forty-three years. Before the beginning of the Civil War it was called out to preserve the public peace on several occasions, and during the war it three times responded to the call of the country and went to the front.

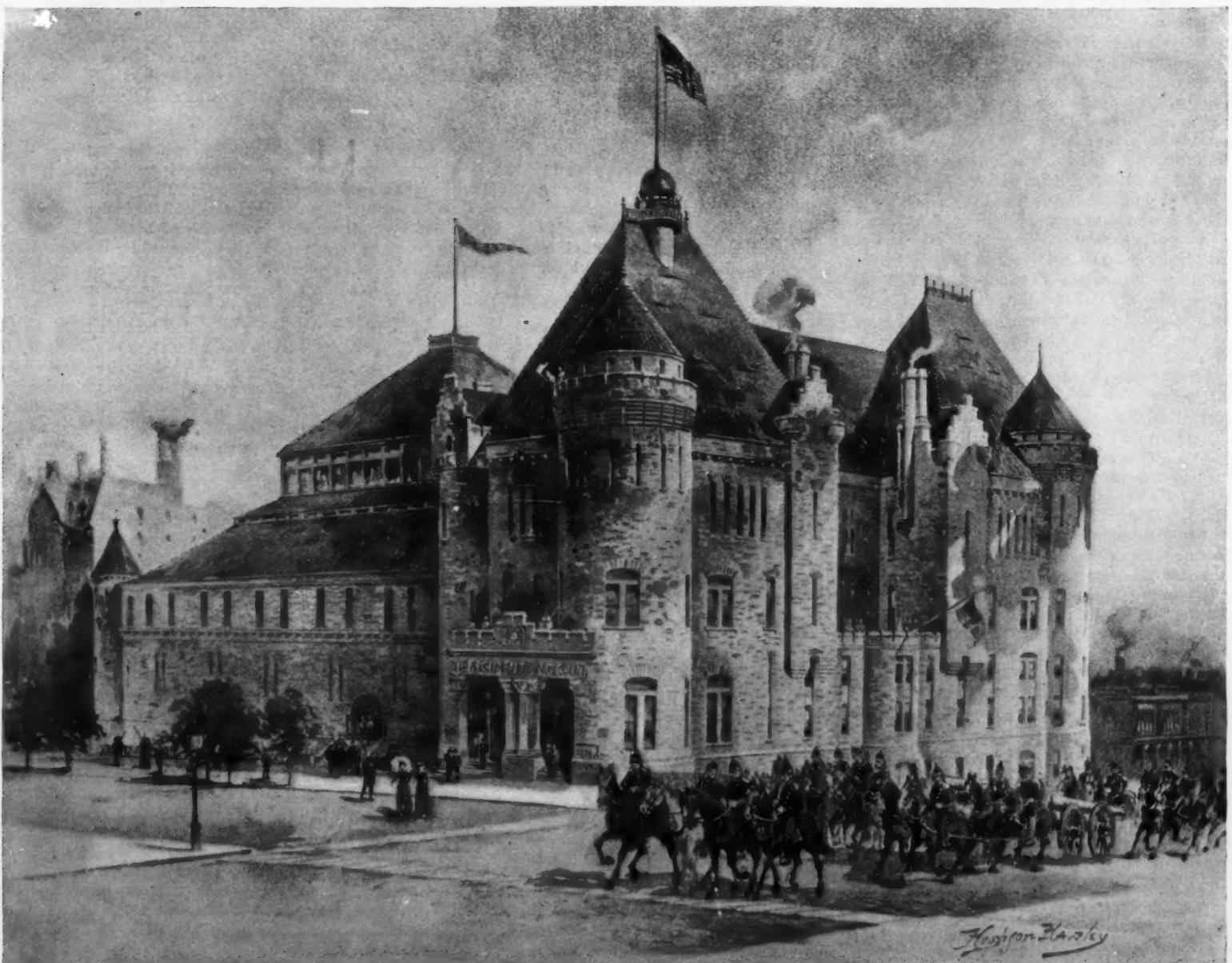
Recently there have been some internal dissensions in the regiment that threatened to mar its efficiency. A few weeks ago, however, Francis Vinton Greene, a West Point graduate and a most accomplished officer, was chosen colonel of the regiment, and under him it is hoped that the command will reach a condition worthy of its honorable antecedents.

Another fact that raises the hopes of the regiment is that in about a year and a half the command will be quartered in one of the most complete armories that has ever been designed. The contracts for this building, which will be located on Park Avenue between Thirty-third and Thirty-fourth streets, were awarded the other day by the Armory Board. The site cost \$437,000 and the building will cost \$350,000. All of this expense is borne by the city. The architect of the building is Mr. J. R. Thomas, who also built the Eighth Regiment Armory, on Park Avenue farther up town. The building is to be constructed of rough granite with a tile roof, and it promises to be an impressive and dignified mass, and suggestive of its purpose. The Second Battery of Artillery will also have quarters in the building, and General Louis Fitzgerald, commanding the First Brigade, will have his headquarters there.

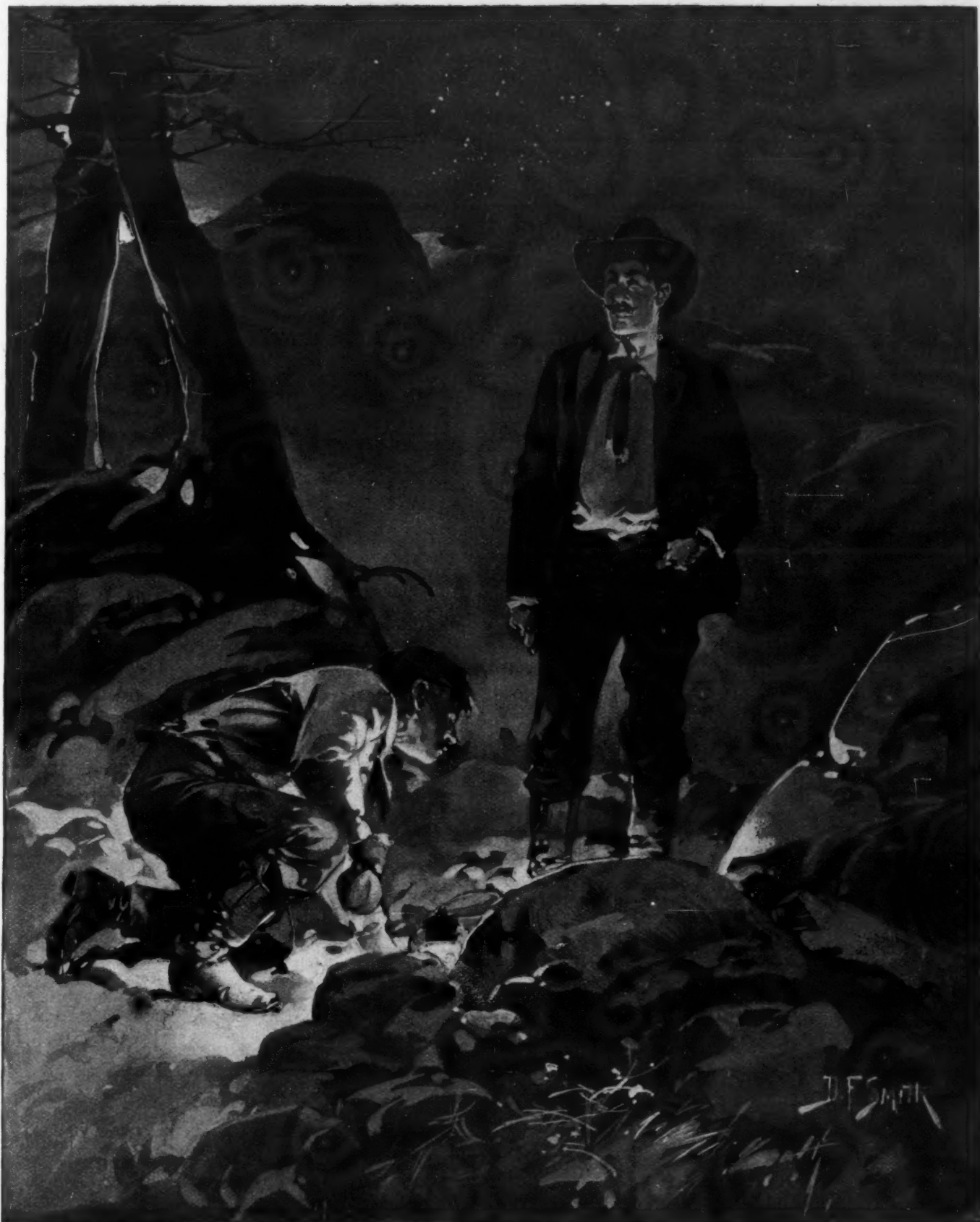
The architect had one interesting problem to solve. He had to provide a drill-room on the first floor for the battery. Above this artillery drill-room was the drill-room of the infantry regiment. Each of these rooms is something like two hundred feet square. To put pillars or supports in the floor of the artillery-room to support the ceiling, which is also the floor of the room above, would have injured the room below very seriously. Mr. Thomas has therefore designed this ceiling without supports, and has made the floor structure so strong that its own weight will preponderate any possible vibration that might be made by the cadenced step of the infantry regiment drilling above. For this purpose arched steel trusses and rolled-iron beams will be used, the spaces filled in with concrete.



MEN OF THE DAY.—III. *W. P. Newalls*.—[SEE PAGE 118.]



THE NEW ARMORY OF THE SEVENTY-FIRST REGIMENT, N. Y. N. G., ON PARK AVENUE, BETWEEN THIRTY-THIRD AND THIRTY-FOURTH STREETS, NEW YORK CITY.—DRAWN BY HUGHSON HAWLEY.



"Jim stooped down an' went ter work."

## A GAME FOR TWO.

By EVELYN RAYMOND.

"HEY? What? New? Humph! Tharain't nothin' new 'bout that thar. I seen all that bizness, stranger, long afore your time. When I fust kem over the Divide, 'long in the 'fifties."

"How can that be? The science is new. It is something quite different from mesmerism, to which you probably refer. You——" But the Easterner did not finish his argument.

The miner brought his chair down upon its four legs with such emphasis of movement, and glared at the lad with such ferocity of expression, that the disputant paused in astonishment. Had he known it, there were few men at Little Tumble who cared to rouse the wrath of old Butterworth; fewer still who desired to start him "yarnin' it," since the end thereof was not to be foreseen. However, it needed but the presence of a new listener to inspire the story-teller; and this presence also induced the habitual loungers to remain as an adjunct audience, to hear, for perhaps the hundredth time, the narrative of Job Traill and Stephen Gillott.

"Ye see, Traill he kem down the canyon an' settled yender, southwest o' the gulch. Built a smithy an' went ter work 't his trade; though hands ez soft ez hisn didn't show 'at he'd hed no great rush o' bizness. Howsomever, thar warn't nobuddy ast

no questions, them days. Cur'osity warn't reckined a cardinal virtue, an' a leetle tew much on 't was dang'rous.

"Old Traill was a odd stick. No talk, but consider'ble thinkin'. Ef he hedn't done no blacksmithin' afore he kem yer, he hed the toughest kind o' pluck. He'd 'lected ter be a smith, an' afore long thar warn't a man livin' 't could a beat him at the job. Thet is, start 'em off even, neck an' neck, 'ith no better chance then an' thar. But one yer way Job was quare. Didn't 'pear ter care no more fer folks 'an fer horses er mules. All he keered fer was mail day, which didn't come none tew reg'lar, them days, ter the diggin's. But when it did—Jew-ru-sa-lum! Papers an' books an' maggyzines—ever'thing 't was printed, I swan! 'peared ter come plumb straight ter old Traill. Must a cost all he airt ter pay fer 'em; but thet was his bizness, an' he'd ruther hev 'em 'n lick. The rest on us didn't bother him 'bout 'em; we preferred the lick. H-m-m! Thankee. Yis. Don't keer ef I dew jest wet my whistle. Story-tellin's dry work."

When this little ceremony had been performed, and the "adjunct" had also found it advisable to join in it, at the stranger's expense, he ventured to suggest: "You were going to speak of hypnotism——"

"I was goin' ter tell ye 'bout Job Traill an' Dandy Gillott."

Ye kin name the bizness what ye've a mind ter. H-h-m-m! Ruther husky yit. Jest one more, gentlemen! Now we slide—

"Old Job hed ben ter Little Tumble a good while, an' hed got to be th' oldest settler. It was a shiftin' poppylation—comin' an' goin'—comin' an' goin'—each man fer hisself an' the purpose 'at hed brung him thar. Strikin' it rich, er strikin' it not at all; jest a-stayin' till they conquered er gin up, an' then clarin' out. But Job he staid right along. Didn't never try minin'—jest stuck ter his trade, an' laid by what he didn't waste on readin'-stuff.

"One day a stranger rode inter camp, along 'ith the United States mail. He kem on a thorough-bred from Kentuck—it kem on a burro; an' Job was on hand fer his share, which was 'bout all thar was. He didn't seem ter notice the stranger, but he kerried off his stuff, an' couldn't scurcely wait fer night, ter tackle it.

"But, ye see, Job's busiest time was when the rest on us was idle; 'cause sech ez wanted tools sharpened agin next mornin' 'd leave 'em ter the smithy when they kem in from work. Thet night he hed a bigger pile 'n common, an' hammered away till the sweat dropped an' blinded him. Then he breshed his hands acrost his eyes—they was tough enough hands by thet time—an' looked towards the sun ter cal'late ef he'd git done afore

dark; an' thar, right atwixt him an' the light, stood the stranger. He was smilin' an' sayin', ez perlit ez a darncin'-marster, 'Good-evenin', Mr. Blacksmith.'

"They say Traill hisself was most tew perlit when he fust crossed the Rockies, but he'd got over it. 'Git out o' my light, ye fool!' sez he. Not ez you er me 'd say it, mad like—but calm ez m'lasses. Kinder tuck aback, the stranger tacked round.

"May I sleep in your cabin?" sez he, plumb straight, sorter frank an' wuinnin'.

"Job looked him over in the cool way o' hisn 'at didn't pear ter see nothin' arter all. 'Ef nobuddy elst 'll take ye in—yis,' sez he.

"Humph!" sez the young feller. 'This is the most inhospitable camp I ever struck.'

"What 'd ye strike it fer?" asts Job.

"Fer what all the rest did—ter make money."

"H-m-m. Waal, yender's my shack. Ye kin go an' git yer supper. I've et."

"All right, old chap. Thank ye. My name is Gillott—Stephen Gillott. I hope ye won't regret yer kindness."

"Hope I sharn't!" sez Traill, watchin' the feller march away. 'Face of an angel—heart of a devil! Trainin' of a bull-fighter—laziness of a houn', he's got! What fate sent him across my path?' muttered old Traill to hisself.

"An' that was the beginnin' on it. Gillott staid right along in Job's shanty, 'thout offerin' ter move, an' the smith didn't ast him ter go. Ever'buddy took ter him. He was harnsome, free-spoke, good-natur'd. Could sing and dance, wrestle an' throw, 'ith the best. Arter he'd ben at the gulch 'bout a fortnit he took up fer pardner 'ith Pete Shady an' his boy. Pete hed struck it rich; but he was drefle close-mouthed, an' the boy was next door ter a fool. Yit his par sot an orful sight by him. They said, er so I heerd, ez how afore that youngun was borned, Pete hed a row 'ith his old woman an' knocked her flat. She didn't rally none arter the baby kem, an' petered out kinder suddent; an' some thort it was that made Shady so all-fired keeful o' the kid. It must a ben sunthin' out o' common—for a more dumber, sneaker little cuss never lived. I 'low he might a ben the delight o' his daddy's life—but he was the butt an' plague o' ever'buddy elst. I swan! Makes my fingers itch now ter whale that critter—an' him ben planted this dozen year! Talk 'bout speakin' on'y good o' the dead! Thar betimes when the most a buddy kin dew is ter keep his mouth shet. When I rec'lect Jim Shady is one on 'em.

"But this yer Gillott 'peared ter feel diffrent. He tackled ter that limb ter onet, an' thet fetched the daddy. He was called 'Old Shady' because he was so 'fraid o' lettin' on whar he'd stowed his pile. Yit ye kin bet thar warn't no thieves in Little Tumble. Sech a critter wouldn't a lived longer 'n ter tell what he'd done with his steal. It was a word from mouth er shooter, an' the shooter gen'rally got in ahead."

The tourist showed signs of despairing weariness. These were not lost upon Mr. Butterworth, who changed the quid of tobacco from one side of his mouth to the other and remarked: "Don't ye git oneasy, young man. I've jest got thar. The story 'll begin ter onet."

"All right," came the response, and the miner resumed.

"Yis. Steve Gillott took up pard with Old Shady, an' a more onlikelier team was never hitched ter one cart. But Jim was the stun't balanced weight. Gillott 'd cosset him an' soft-soap him, an' make him think 't he was a unrecognized saint; an' then he'd try the same lay with the dad. Betwixt 'em both, 't warn't long afore they felt ez ef they couldn't ba'r the harnsome critter out o' sight. It was 'Steve' here, an' 'Steve' thar, till it 'd turn yer stumick ter hear the pesky fools. An' he was told all they knowed, 'cept one thing—whar Old Shady kep' his find. Fer the matter o' thet nobuddy keered, 'cept Steve, an' he sized it up later on. He tried nateral ways fust. Coaxed an' manoeuvred, but couldn't git out the secret; 'cause Jim he didn't know it then, an' the old man was tew sharp.

"Then he begun ter git in his quare bizness. Though Jim 'd allers hung round Steve more er less, bimeby he got so 't he was his reg'lar shadder. Couldn't eat, sleep, ner 'pear ter hev no thort 't Steve hedn't put inter his head. Though thet warn't no great marvel—bein' ez 't was empty.

"Gillott hed kep' on a-livin' 'long 'ith Traill, ez I said, an' the smith hedn't 'peared ter notice him no more 'n he would a stray dorg, until Jim Shady took ter goin' ter the shack an' layin' round thar loose. Now ef thar was one thing on airth 't old Job couldn't abide 't was laziness. Them 't was down on the'r luck, er drunk er sick—he hedn't a word ner a thort agin; but jest laziness 'peared ter raise what little ugly was left in him. An' he wouldn't a took no

more notice o' Jim 'n he did o' Steve, ef it hedn't a ben fer his yawns an' sprawls, an' gen'al long-leggidness, bein' everlastin' under foot.

"But ye bet, stranger, 't when Job woke up—he woke! Thar warn't no mistake 'bout it. An' fust he ordered Jim ter stay ter his dad's part o' Little Tumble. Thet didn't do no more good 'n sayin' 'sho!' ter a grizzly. Then he sot ter work, in his still kinder way, ter find out what 't was brung Jim ter taggin' arter Steve so close. 'Pears 't he must a got some sense out o' all them printed things o' hisn, fer 't warn't long afore he spotted the game. He waited till he was plumb sure, an' then he shuffled his hand an' begun. He didn't play ez Steve did, ye bet! No sech lot o' gab an' fun an' fush-bang; but he played ter win, an' not a livin' critter a-knowin' it—not even Steve, agin whom the stake was made.

"'Twas the curusest thing! We didn't hev no notion what it all meant, then; but enough o' the deal showed ter make the rest o' the gulchers prick up the'r ears. Fust, thar was Old Shady—workin' ez ef the very old boy was arter him, a-naggin' him on ter dig an' save—dig an' save! 'thout no rest source day ner night. He warn't never nothin' but a passel o' bones in a skin bag, but he got so thin then 't he 'peared ez ef the bag 'd bust an' let the bones tumble out. Bimeby he begun ter sorter cool down on Steve. Didn't seem ter dast ter give him the clean shake-off fer good, but kinder 'voided him when he got the chancst. Thar was Jim ez tight ter Gillott ez he could be an' not wear the same clo'es. An' thar was old Traill, sharpenin' picks an' his wits ter the same time, an' gettin' plumb ready ter play his hand.

"One night, arter this hed ben goin' on a spell, I got a fit o' 'down East.' It used ter bother me, an' spile my sleep, an' some o' the boys called it 'homesick.' Whatever 't was, it 'd drive me out o' my bunk, an' out o' doors, ez ef I'd ben shot. Alters the same sight! The leetle red school-house an' my kids a-trottin' in ter the door; er trottin' out again, and up hill ter the farm, an' the woman I'd left ter come ter the diggin's. Lor', but 'twas orful! An' thet night wuss 'n common. It druv me clean out o' camp, away down the canyon whar the shadders was darkest. Outside the ravine the moon was shinin' like a sun, but down thar 'twas kinder gloomy an' I couldn't 'pear to see the kids an' 'Lizy Jane so plain.

"I sot down on a bowlder clost ter the stream an' tried ter fergit; but I hedn't ben thar long afore I knowed thar was somebuddy elst in the gorge asides me. I couldn't see 'em, ner source hear 'em, but I knowed they was thar. How, I can't tell ye, but I knowed it. Bimeby my eyes got more usen ter the light—er the dark—an' I secdsunthin' a-comin' along towards whar I sot—creepin' kinder stealthy like. I knowed 't warn't a grizzly by the move on 't; no more warn't it a panther; but jest what it was—thet beat me. I ain't much on the scare, an' I hed my shootin'-irons handy. So I jest held my breath an' waited. On it kem, like a shadder a tetch darker 'n the rest, a-movin' of its own accord. Then another shadder. On an' on, softly, an' yit ez ef it knowed ever' step o' the way, an' t'other shadder a-follerin' jest so fur behind. Ther' was one patch o' moonlight shone thru a break in the bluff, an' ef the blamed thing didn't stop afore it reached thar, I'd see what it was er bust! On an' on an' on—an' it didn't stop. An' when it stepped out inter thet thar streak o' moonshine—what should thet shadder be but jest Jim Shady! I vum! I nigh 'bout cussed out loud fur bein' so sold, when the hind shadder come inter sight, an' I secd 't was Steve Gillott.

"Sho! my fine fellers," thinks I, 'what deviltry 's afoot now?' I cal'lated ter set thar an' find out, an' I did.

"Jim 'peared like he was walkin' in his sleep, but Steve was wide awake ez a jay-bird. The pa'r on 'em stopped 'bout a couple o' rod from my bowlder, an' Jim stooped down an' went ter work. Steve didn't move hand ner hoof. He jest stood thar, a graven image o' his marster, the devil, an' made thet ornery cuss, Jim, do his dirty work fer him. The boy warn't lazy then! He tugged an' lifted an' sweat, an' when he'd h'isted a sizable pile o' rocks out o' the way he bent clean over 'em an' pulled out a bag. He'd lit a lantern, an' the light let on the hull bizness. He opened the bag an' pushed one side on 't down till the yaller gold showed shinin' in the light. Thet 'peared ter sartify him, fer he tied it up ag'in an' sot it ter one side. Then he fell ter tuggin' ag'in till he'd put them stun all back same 's he'd took 'em out. Nobuddy 't hedn't knowed it would a dreamed o' thet thar gold bein' hid thar, an' them 't did know it couldn't a told the place hed ben tetched from jest a-lookin' ter the outside. When he got thru he tucked the bag under his jumper, put out his lantern, an' started

back up canyon. Steve Gillott follered, jest ez he hed afore, 'ith jest so much space between 'em, till they passed out o' sight like the evil shadders they was.

"You bet I didn't feel no sleeper arter thet sight then I hed afore; an' the hull bizness bothered me so 't I watched thar in the gulch two more nights, a-secin' the same cussidness goin' on till I thort I'd bust ef I didn't tell somebuddy. But I reckined I'd gin the critters one more chancst, an' be plumb sartin afore I sprung on 'em. H-m-m! Thet thar last watch nigh 'bout did the bizness fer Launt Butterworth. 'Cause 'stid o' them two kem Old Shady hisself, a-peerin' inter thet thar hole. He kem a-limpin' down the canyon on his crooked leg 'thout makin' no 'count o' noise, an' bringin' a lantern bold ez could be. When he got ter the spot an' sot the lantern down I secd he hed two more o' them leather bags under his arm, an' I tell ye he harndled 'em lovin' like. He went ter work same ez Jim hed done, lifun' stuns out o' the way till he could look clean down inter the groun'. An' he did look, an' put his hand down deep inter the airth, a-smilin' ter hisself like he was terrible happy. You bet he didn't larf long! Never see a man's face change like hisn did when he diskivered the hole hed ben tampered with. He jest went clean crazy! Stretched his lean hand way down an' brung it up agin with a bag inter it. 'Pears thar must a ben a heap ter start with, 'cause he fetched out a lot even then; but them 't he missed seemed with more ter him 'n them he'd left. Ef he counted 'em onet he did a hundred times; an' ever' time he'd eud with a groan 't was a'most a yell.

"I couldn't stan' it arter a spell, an', like a fool, I called out, 'Hello, Shady! I know whar yer gold's gone!'

"When he fust heerd me he jumped purty nigh clean out o' his skin; an' then he went fer me.

"Ye du, du ye? 'Course ye du, ye pisen sarprint! Quick, now! out with it afore I choke the breath out o' yer sneakin' carkiss! What ye done with it? Speak!'

"Quicker 'n lightning I secd what a fix I was in. He nateral thort I was the thief. Second flash showed me 't he'd left his irons ter hum, an' I was twict ez strong as he was. 'T was my one chancst, an' I took it. I throwed him offen me somehow, though he clung like a bulld-dorg; an' then I struck out fer Job Traill's.

"Ever'buddy in trouble put fer Job. I knowed he was alone, 'cause thar was some kinder shindy up ter Simpson's cabin, an' Steve was thar; but it 'peared a 'tarnity afore I could wake the old blacksmith up enough ter sense what I was a-tellin' him. Bimeby it got thru his skull, but all he said was:

"Humph! It's come, then, so soon."

"No; they hain't kem yit, ye stupid!" sez I; 'but ye know ez well ez I du 't my breath hain't wuth a cuss arter they du git here. Hide me som'eres, Job, till ye kin make the boys hear my side!' I was plumb scairt, I tell ye; an' thar, in the midst on 't I couldn't help seein' thet pesky leetle school-house an' 'Lizy Jane an' the kids!

"Whar's yer grit, Launt? Ye're safe enough," sez Job, ez cool ez ef he was on'y sharpenin' a pick.

"It's gone," sez I, shiverin' like a chilled puppy. 'Ye know I've faced death a heap o' times an' hain't weakened; but this yer bein' caught in a fool trap o' my own an' shot fer a thief when I hain't one—thet gits me!'

"Ye ain't shot yit, ye blunderin' donkey, an' ye ain't a-goin' ter be. But ye've forced me ter act afore I was ready, an' it riles me. Hark!'

"He held up his hand an' we both listened. Tramp, tramp, 'trampin' down the canyon! We knowed what it meant—thet Shady 'd got back ter camp, an' they was arter me. Strange, but true ez sin; the minit I heerd 'em, an' thort my time hed rec'ly come, I stopped shiverin' an' was game ag'in.

"Job larfed a leetle in his silent way, but it didn't mad me none. I was parst thet—parst ever'thin' but hearkenin' ter them comin' feet.

"Now ye show sense! But ye'll live ter plant me yit, Launt," sez Traill, sorter jolly like. 'Ye've put yer clumsy foot inter a hornet's nest, but ye ain't the feller 't 'll git stung. Yer lay is ter keep yer mouth shet, an' jest watch.'

"It seemed a year afore them trampin' feet got ter Job's door-yard, an' we could hear the boys a-postin' the'r selves round the shack. Nuther him ner me said a word till Hank Transome knocked on the door with his pistol, an' called:

"Job, we warnt ye!'

"What fer?" asts the old man, openin' the door-ter onet.

"Ter tell us ef Launt Butterworth 's inside."

"Ye kin see fer yerselves. Thar he sets!" sez he, standin' the door ez wide ez he could.

"I thort he was pisen mean, but I didn't keer then. Thet kinder took 'em back fer a minit, an' then Hank sez:

"Come out here, Launt. Our bizness is with ye, not Traill."

"Thar ye're mistook," answers Job. 'I hain't no need ter tell ye 't Launt 's a fool, but nothin' wuss. I'm a-leavin' thet fer ye ter say yerselves, bimeby. I jest want ye ter answer me two er three things, an' ef ye speak up squar' I'll show ye the biggest night's job ye ever see. Say, be I a honist man er not?'

"Course. We ain't arter you."

"An' I've proved myself trestwuthy, hev I, durin' the time I've lived in Little Tumble Gulch?'

"Trestwuthy ez death!" kem from ever' side, hearty like, I tell ye.

"Waal, then, hearken ter me. Thar's ben devil's work a-goin' on in this yer settlement fer some time, an' I was purty nigh ready ter stop it, anyhow. I'm 'bleeged ter du it now, 'count o' thet fool Butterworth. Is Steve Gillott thar?'

"Steve had ben the most hot foot arter me, an' was stan'in' shoulder ter shoulder with Hank Transome afore the door, so 't Job couldn't a helped seein' on him ef he'd a warnted tu."

"Yis, I'm here," sez Steve, but his voice didn't sound overly bold. 'Ye'll allers find me on the side o' justice,' sez Steve, lookin' round on the boys.

"Glad ter hear it!" sez Traill. 'Hank, I'm goin' ter send Launt out thar, an' ye see to 't thet no harm happens whilst I hev a word in private with my lodger.'

"I secd Gillott's face turn white in the moon-light ez I walked out an' he walked in. Job shet the door on them two, an' fer 'bout five minits nobody stirred hand ner foot. Then the door opened agin, an' out they kem, Job fust an' Steve a-follerin' arter like a houn', ez he was.

"Traill's face war sot an' grim, an' he 'peared ter be braced up orful.

"Ter the canyon, gentlemen," sez he, lofty like; an' inter the canyon we filed. Hank and Simpson took good keer ter keep me well ter the fore, atwixt the'r selves; an' ahead on us walked Old Shady an' Job, Jim an' Steve Gillott. None o' them four 'peared ter be zactly wide awake 'cept Traill; an' onet in a while, when he'd turn his head so's we could see his eyes, they shone like coals.

"When we kem ter the spot whar Old Shady hed hid his pile Job stopped. He 'peared ter know the place well 's I did, an' he called Pete up.

"Will ye swar, Peter Shady, ter how many bags o' dust ye hid in yer?'

"I will," sez Pete; an' he did.

"How many is missin'?"

"Eight!" screeched the old feller; an' he swore thet time 'thout bein' ast.

"Job turned round with the strangest smile 't ever ye see.

"Make yerselves comferble, gentlemen, fer a few minits, on these rocks. Ye've heern Stephen Gillott speak up fer justice. Ye shall now see him render it.' Then he turned to Steve an' Jim. 'Bring back the gold ye've stole atwixt ye, an' no time lost!'

"Lord! ye could a-heerd a baby breathe—we was all struck thet dumb. Ter see them two cusses mind Job—not ez ef they sensed what they was a-doin', but ez ef he was a-workin' the'r jints fer 'em. They went up stream a ways an' then back they kem, each on 'em a-kerryin' two bags under his arm.

"Put 'em down by Old Shady," sez Job; an' they done it. Then he seat 'em ag'in. When they'd brung t'other four 't was missin' he ast Pete, 'Was them all 't ye lost?'

"Them was all," sez he, husky like.

"Open 'em an' see ef the gold's inside."

"Old Shady's fingers shook so 't he couldn't scures undo 'em; but he did arter a while.

"Pear ter be all right?" asts Traill.

"Yes. 'T 'pears so."

"Waal, boys," sez Job, a-going ter Gillott's side an' layin' his big hand on the feller's shoulder, 'this yer critter's ben gifted by natur' in a dang'rous way. He kin throw a sort er spell over a good many folks ter diskiver the'r secrets, an' ter make 'em du anything he wills. But not over ever'buddy. He kem here ter practice the devilishness, an' the fust ones he tackled was Pete an' Jim. The old man warn't a easy subjick; never got no further 'n bein' kinder 'fraid on an s'picious o' the stranger;—but Jim was a ready tool. So he put his spell onter Jim ter make him rob his own daddy.

"Now, ez it happens, I've got this yer quare gift tu, which ain't nothin' more 'n a purty strong will; an' my will proved ter be stronger 'n this scoundrel's. He likes justice, he sez. So du I. Our ideas on 't differ—thet's all. An' whilst he could spell the Shadys, I could spell

him. Ye've all seen me du it; an' now I hain't no further use fer the varmint. Wake up! sez he, givin' Gillott a sharp tap an' makin' a few quare motions afore him.

"Steve started like he'd jest ben asleep, an' stared round him on the boys kinder confused. Then the truth flashed on him, an' he broke out inter an ager.

"Young man," sez Traill, 'ye du well ter tremble! Vengeance has got ye, ye harnsome-faced devil, you! Ye abuser o' God's gifts! Sneak, thief, murderer!—Die!"

"The fury 't growed in Job Traill's old face was sunthin' turrible ter see, an' never ter be ferget. 'Stid o' risin' any, his voice 'peared ter sink lower an' lower in his great chest, an' when he said thet last word 't was like thunder. Then he picked that young giant up in his hands ez eff he'd ben a baby an' tossed him over the bluff. Arter a second or so thar kem a crash—an' a thump! An'—thet's all."

Breaking the long silence which followed:

"All?" questioned the Easterner. "What was done with Traill?"

"Done? Nothin'. The miner er the sherf 't would a dared ter tetch old Job whilst we boys was livin' couldn't a hed time enough ter say his pra's afore he'd a ben whar pra's ain't no more use.

"Hey? Thankee. Don't mind ef I du. Talkin's kinder dry work."

### THE LATE NOAH PORTER.

IN the death of Noah Porter, D.D., LL.D., ex-president of Yale College, a well-rounded life, full alike of scholarship and kindness, has become but a memory. "Dust to dust" has rattled mournfully over the earthly dwelling of a great intellect and a great heart. Our roll of learned men is not extensive; and the silence of this "Adsum" will be painfully noted. When in the early winter one met the doctor as, wrapped in furs, he was carefully handed from his house and started on his afternoon walk, the thin, pale face thinner and paler still, the tall figure bowed, the step slow and uncertain, the eye rarely lighted with a glance of recognition, while every passer respectfully doffed hat, it was sadly apparent that the end was near. The end has come; but, despite the warning, it is with no less sadness that we chronicle it.

The life whose last, slowly-running sands have capped the cone has been filled with successful attainment. To few are such opportunities offered, and still fewer have grasped them so fully and satisfied them so well. The vigorous constitution which carried him through four score of years was the product of the Connecticut hills. He was born December 14th, 1811, in Farmington, where his ancestors had settled in 1640; and where his father for more than sixty years taught the people as their pastor. He was bred in an intellectual atmosphere, and in 1831 was graduated from Yale College. For the two years that followed he was master of the Hopkins Grammar School, then one of the most famous secondary schools in the country, and the great feeder of the college, whose faculty he entered as a tutor in 1833, and till 1835 united the duties of this position with theological studies. A decade passed while he occupied the Congregational pulpits of New Milford, Conn., and Springfield, Mass.; but he had been born a teacher, and in 1846 accepted the chair of moral philosophy and metaphysics at Yale, which he occupied at the time of his death.

When the learned Doctor Woolsey withdrew from the presidency of Yale in 1871, Professor Porter was chosen to succeed him, and during the fifteen years that his hand was on the helm he guided the institution from the college to the university. There was, perhaps, more of the scholar than of the executive in his composition. A sturdy conservatism may have retarded here and there; but certain it is that Yale has never taken such strides in prosperity as under his presidency. New buildings rose on the four sides of the quadrangle—the art school, Battell, Dwight Hall, and Lawrence. The divinity school pushed across Elm Street, and Peabody and the laboratories across High; nor did the full fruit of his labors cease with his resignation. The faculty was increased, the curriculum extended. A firm belief in classical masterpieces as the foundation of broad scholarship led him to urge their retention as prominent features of the course, while faith in proved methods of the past caused him to hesitate in the extension of electives and advance slowly and with caution. Education was running on broader lines, its horizon was extending, and it was partly a hesitancy to adapt himself to these new conditions, coupled with the belief that at three-score and fifteen rest should succeed labor, that in 1886 he resigned the presidency.

As he withdrew from office he carried with him the love of every man who had come with-

in range of his kindly spirit. A man of broad culture and scholarly refinement, a metaphysician and philosophical thinker of note, and yet withal as gentle, as simple-hearted, and as lovable as a child, a more popular president has never ruled the college. His learning found recognition in degrees from American and foreign universities, his popularity rests in the hearts of the men he has taught.

Dr. Porter appeared first as a writer in 1840 with a historical address on the two hundredth anniversary of the founding of Farmington, and his pen has rarely been idle since. "Books and Reading" appeared in 1870; "American Colleges and the American Public" in 1871; "Evangeline, the Place, the Story, and the Poem," in 1882, while the last three editions of "Webster's Unabridged" have been issued under his editorship; but it is in his chosen field of metaphysics that he has most often expressed himself. A leader in the intuitional school, his utterances have commanded respect. "The Human Intellect" was first published in 1868, and "Elements of Moral Science" in 1885, preceded by a discussion of Herbert Spencer's theories, and followed in 1888 by critical comments on Kant. The voice of the teacher sounds in all his works. His style was not, perhaps, such as to always express most clearly the truths of a subject none of the plainest by nature; but his teachings, sincere in their inception, comprehensive in their grasp, and godly in their tendencies, can only profit those who lend the ear.

What he wrote of others finds application in himself: "When a wise man dies, while his spirit is living on in an immortal life he may be also living another immortality on earth—occupying, perhaps, a wider sphere than when he was in the body—his thoughts quickening the thoughts of others as if he were present to speak them, his feelings inspiring the noblest feelings of others, and his principles prompting to worthy deeds after his own last action is done."

GEORGE E. ELIOT.

### IN FASHION'S GLASS.

THE waistcoat will undoubtedly be the *piece de resistance* of spring. Somebody asked me recently, "What will be the highest novelty of the season?" and I replied in favor of the loose-backed coat, but now I second it with the "Tattersall" waistcoat. It is made of horse-cloth in the most masculine design, more or less "loud" in pattern. The waistcoat is longer than it was last season, and is now made with a seam over the hips, quite becoming, by the way. A cloth dress which has outgrown favor may be wonderfully freshened up with a new waistcoat. One pretty and effective idea is to wear a waistcoat of a plain color, an absolute contrast to the costume material, such as heliotrope with navy-blue cloth and lizard-green cloth closed with white pearl buttons, with a dress of black serge. White buckskin and embroidered velvets are also being used with effect as waistcoats, while for more fanciful tastes there is a novelty in painted cloth, as for instance, a cloth of a bright chestnut hue painted with violets and pale-green leaves. These perhaps will find greater favor than the coarser and more "horacy" waistcoats.

The Amazon or faced cloths are likely to give way to those with finely-twilled surfaces, and the most charming are those with a soft shaded bloom upon them, this being especially attractive, in all tints of gray. Gray will undoubtedly be the color of the season, but as it is so trying to many complexions, it will be most sought for in tweeds and chevrons, where a bit of black or color may be introduced. The gray which tends pinkwards is the most trying of all, and the most unsatisfactory to wear in the sunshine, because it will fade in streaks. Crêpons and the corduroy cloths of the wide-ribbed variety will still obtain in popularity. Velvet is always and ever a beautiful fabric, and some of the most luxurious toilettes of the *grande dames* have been of Lyons velvet with sable borders. Now, on woolen fabrics, velvet is extensively to be used for trimming, and on the skirt, for instance, it will show a fancifully cut border. Others again are finished with a flounce, and some with two or three tiny ones, on the Empire order. Yet again many are left quite plain, with just the closely-fitting bias fold around the edge, more especially suitable to the thick woollens.

One of the latest eccentricities of the Paris authorities is a blouse jacket, made full and to overhang the belt. An example is made of a dark purplish shade of heliotrope cloth, slightly overhanging a narrow, flat girdle of black passementerie. It is made to button down under one arm, and at the neck is a soft tuche of cock's feathers, while a trimming of the same edges the deep cuffs of the very full sleeves. As I have previously stated, this baggy effect is

only likely to become popular with the few, because it is so apt to spoil any graceful outlines of the figure. Very wide, full sleeves are to be fashionable with all styles of garments, for the new spring fabrics are soft enough to permit of it, with the exception of some of the English tweeds and cloths, but with these other fabrics of a more pliable nature will be employed for the sleeves, as two entirely opposite fabrics are frequently united in one costume. Capes will undoubtedly be a recognized feature of the spring fashions, and these, like the coats, will be increased in length. The simplest forms will be



COSTUME FOR SPRING.

most generally adopted, while the absolutely plain, old-fashioned circular, made of heavy tweed, and with a hood, will be in great demand. This same style also looks well in black lined with pale heliotrope, or in dark blue lined with pale leather color.

Nearly all of the hats and bonnets for spring have strings at the back, in some cases four inches in width and reaching almost to the knees. Some of the Paris models are frequently tasseled at the ends with pompons of silk or of beads, with a preference for pearls. The very newest French bonnets have crowns of net, exquisitely embroidered with pearls in various hues. Another popular mode of trimming hats and bonnets is with erect plumes of feathers tied together with a small bow of velvet, set on the brim either at the front or back, or both.

There is a Tudor tendency in the puffed sleeves of the present day, and many of them are eminently picturesque, as may be seen in the costume illustrated this week. It is made of a soft, grayish-blue fabric, with a large shaded spot faintly indicated upon its surface. The puffed sleeves and yoke are prettily striped with a blue-and-gold gimp of a very simple, braid-like design. The bodice is cut into rounded tabs over the bust, while the sleeves carry out the same idea, and the hem of the plain skirt is diagonally striped with short pieces of the gimp, outlined top and bottom with the same.

ELLA STARR.

### TWO CITIES.

SIDE by side they stand,  
These cities two,  
But a breadth of land  
Between them lies;  
Above, the self-same skies,  
Serene and blue.  
One is full of strife  
And weal and woe,  
Quick with restless life;—  
The other fair,  
Yet of its joy, or care,  
No one may know.  
Never word doth pass,  
Nor any sign;  
Its streets are soft with grass;  
The light winds blow  
Like murmurous voices low  
Amid the pines,  
And a silence falls,  
Profound and deep;  
Though the sad heart calls  
In its despair,  
No answer comes to prayer  
For those who weep.  
I know not which is best  
Wherein to dwell—  
Life's strife, or Death's calm rest;  
Not I, who stand  
One side this breadth of land;  
I cannot tell.

HARBODSBUR, KY. HENRY CLEVELAND WOOD.

### LIFE INSURANCE.

I AGAIN suggest that the readers of this column post themselves with reference to the condition of companies in which they are interested by watching the annual statements entered in FRANK LESLIE'S WEEKLY about this time of the year. It is very easy to judge from these statements what the assets, surplus and liabilities of the companies are. For instance, the forty-first annual statement of the Phoenix Mutual, of Hartford, Conn., shows that its assets are over \$10,000,000 and its surplus over \$600,000. It showed last year nearly 3,000 new policies, showing a gain over the preceding year of sixty-four per cent. in the number of policies written, and over fifty-five per cent. in the amount of insurance. It has paid, since its organization, for death losses, matured endowments, dividends to policy-holders, and surrendered policies, more than \$31,000,000. My readers can judge from this statement that the financial standing of the Phoenix Mutual is decidedly encouraging.

#### ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS.

Several inquiries with reference to the Mutual Life Insurance Company of New York really require no answer. The annual statement of the company in condensed form was published in this paper in the issue of March 3d. Briefly recapitulated, it shows assets reaching the enormous amount of \$159,507,000, with a surplus of more than \$12,000,000. The splendid standing of this company, one of the largest, oldest, and most carefully managed in the world, is a decided tribute to the executive ability of its president, Mr. R. A. McCurdy, Vice-President Garrels, and all of its excellent working staff, including some of the best insurance veterans that I know. It is a pleasure to read the annual report of such a company as the Mutual Life, and to realize that it is beyond the possibility of disaster.

CHICAGO, JANUARY 27TH, 1892. *The Hermit*.—I should like to have an opinion from you in regard to the Equitable Life of Des Moines, Iowa. I am thirty years of age, and hold a \$5,000 twenty-year policy in it. I wish to increase my insurance, but have to look for the lowest rates I can get, consistent with safety. Would it be advisable for me to increase my insurance in above company or to take another policy in a stronger one? Do you regard the Equitable of Des Moines a safe company? BUSINESS MAN.

Ans.—The Equitable Life of Des Moines, Iowa, is a small company, and not to be compared in the same day with the Equitable Life, the New York Life, or the Mutual Life of New York, the three largest companies in the world.

FEBRUARY 6TH, 1892. *Hermit*.—I wish to ask your advice as follows: I am twenty years of age, and intend taking out an endowment policy for twenty years in the Mutual Life of New York. Do you think this is the best insurance investment I can make? H. B. T.

Ans.—I think the policy proposed is a good one, and the company is certainly one of the best.

SHREVEPORT, LA., FEBRUARY 3d, 1892. *My dear Hermit*.—Having kindly furnished me with valuable information in the past touching life insurance, I will again trouble you to give me the standing, ability, security, and methods of the Woodmen of the World, an assessment organization, which has recently established a camp in this city. How long has this organization been in existence, and would you advise a young man of thirty-five to hold membership in it, or any similar concern? Awaiting an early response, I remain, Very truly yours, F. S. N.

Ans.—Some time ago I had an inquiry in reference to the Woodmen, and the trouble that the organization, or a branch of it, had in Pennsylvania. My impression is not favorable to the company. I would rather take insurance in one of the well-established, great, secure companies with millions of surplus behind them.

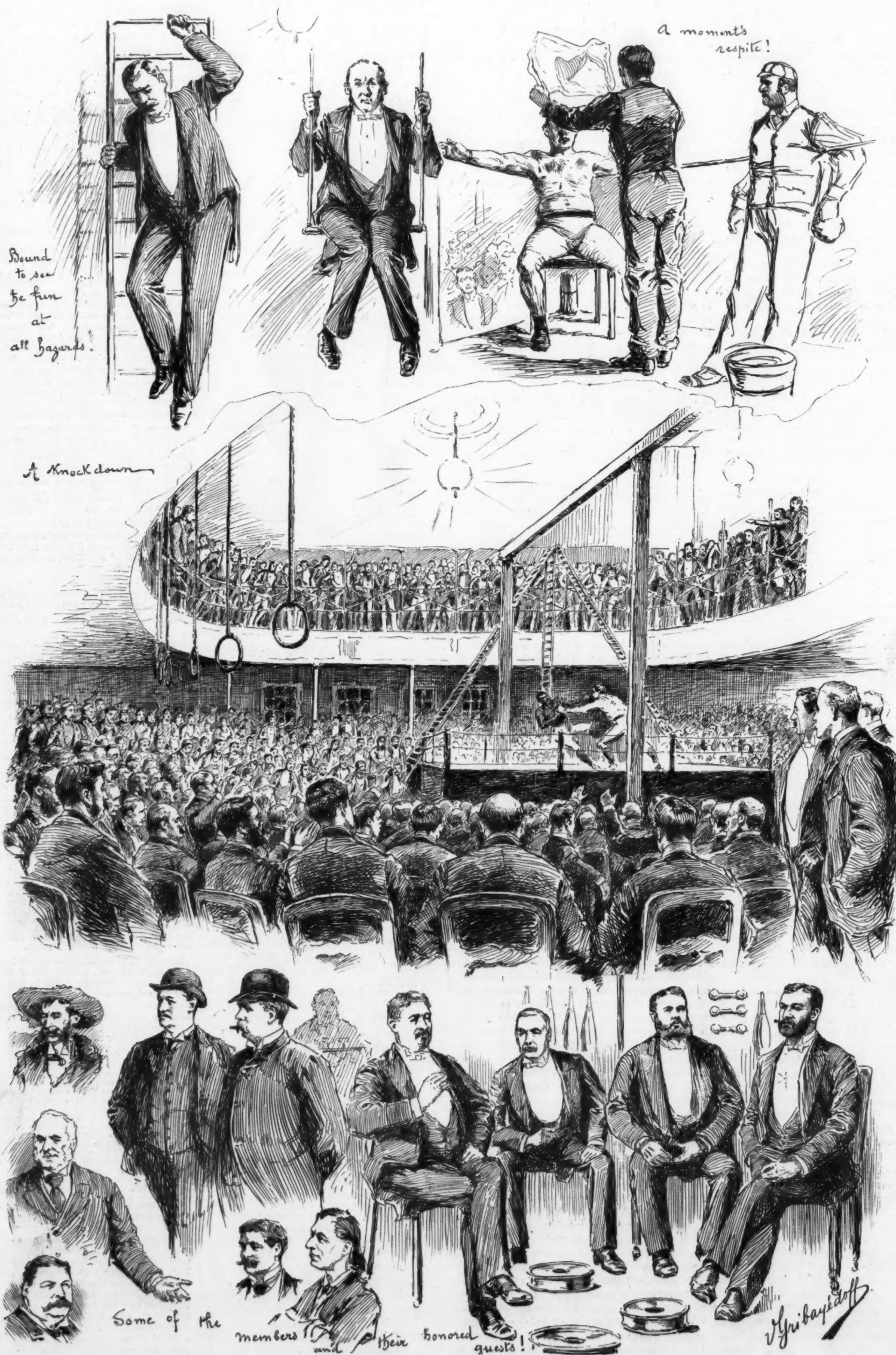
PATCHOGUE, N. Y., FEBRUARY 5TH, 1892. *The Hermit*.—I have read with great interest your column in FRANK LESLIE'S for the past year. I am a young married man, twenty-four years of age, and am desirous of obtaining insurance in some reliable company. Please advise me what form of policy is most desirable for me, and also place me in communication with the strong companies of New York City. I inclose advertisement of the Non-Secret Endowment Order, of Worcester, Mass. Please state what you think of it. Is it any better than other short-term orders which you condemn? Sincerely yours, E. F.

Ans.—If E. F. desires to be placed in direct communication with some agent of one of the great reliable companies in this city, I will be very glad to give him the address of such a person. The Non-Secret Endowment Order, of Worcester, Mass., which he mentions is one of the fraternal assessment kind in which I do not have any confidence. Everything depends upon the success of their management.

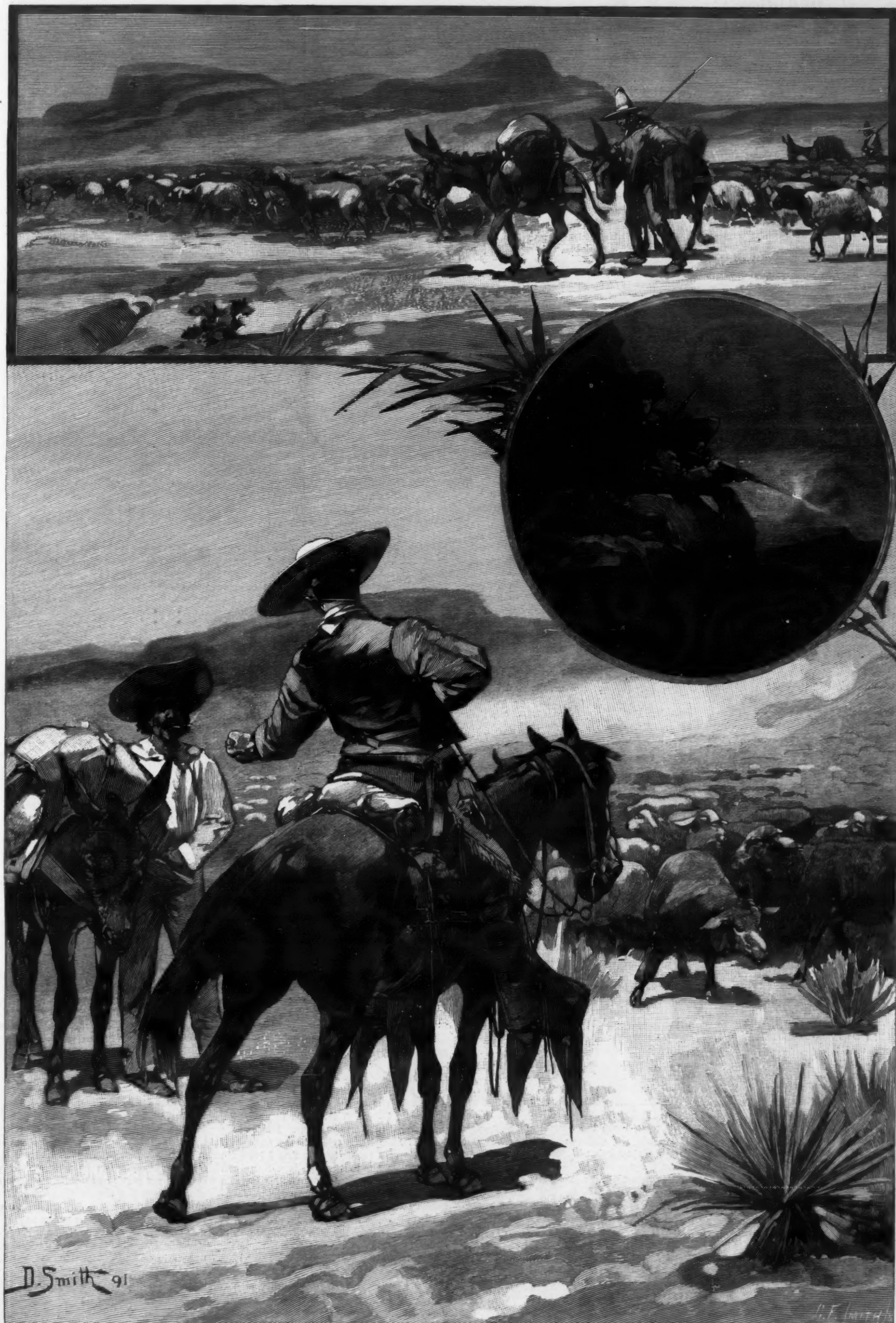
PEORIA, ILL., FEBRUARY 6TH, 1891. *Dear Hermit*.—The Order of the Iron Hall will be eleven years old next March. Up to February 1st, 1892, it has paid out nearly \$6,000,000 for claims of sick and death benefits, and also seven year final claims. There is a net balance in the reserve fund of over \$2,250,000, and the average assessment each year have been fifteen and one-half per member. Last year they were eighteen. There is at present a membership of 65,000 in good standing, and the estimated assessments of 1892 are twenty, and the estimated increase of membership will be 10,000. With an average assessment of forty dollars on each member, there will be ample funds to pay off all sick, death final claims in this year, and add \$200,000 to the reserve fund. Don't you call this good financing? Yours truly, J. A. T.

I call the statement of the Iron Hall submitted by my respected reader a very good one. The Iron Hall has been one of the most successful of the fraternal orders. It has been successful because its membership has steadily increased, and because it has been well-managed and its death-rate has never been extraordinarily high. The only fear I have regarding it is that if an unusual death-rate should occur without a correspondingly large increase in membership, it might have the same fate that has followed equally prosperous concerns in the past. Everything depends entirely upon the management. A good, strong, effective management like it has had may give it many years of prosperity, but bear in mind that in life insurance as in everything else, that which is cheapest is not always the best, but right the reverse.

*The Hermit.*



PHASES OF METROPOLITAN LIFE.—VI. LEGALIZED BRUTALITY AS WITNESSED AT SOME RECENT ATHLETIC CLUB EXHIBITIONS.  
DRAWN BY V. GRIDAYÉDOFF.—[SEE PAGE 119.]



1. "PULLING OUT." 2. "SMOKING" HERDERS. 3. A DISPUTED RANCH.

SHEEP-HERDING IN MEXICO.—DRAWN BY DAN SMITH.—[SEE PAGE 119.]

## AN HOUR WITH MR. HOWELLS.

## I.

BOSTON has finally lost Mr. W. D. Howells forever. Hereafter, until the end of the story, New York can boast of the honor so long enjoyed by the sister city. Had he not ventured "a hazard of new fortunes" with the *Cosmopolitan*, of which he has just become the editor, the metropolis of America would still have become his future home. That had been decided upon long before he dreamed of casting his lot with this publication.

The attractive offer that he received from it came as unexpectedly as a gift from the gods, and upset in a way not altogether disagreeable some pleasing and well-laid plans. With his abandonment of the "Editor's Study" in Harper's, which had from the first been a serious and disturbing invasion of his time and attention, he intended to bid farewell to that form of bondage. "I wished," he said, in speaking of the freedom he anticipated, "to devote myself exclusively to the writing of novels. I believed it would be more agreeable and enable me to do better work in literature." His new connection is not a renewal of the bondage. The drudgery of editorship will fall upon other shoulders.

Mr. Howells has at last reached that indescribable but blissful state known as "settled." His household deities and their many accoutrements have been unpacked and set up in a dwelling that overlooks Stuyvesant Square. The delightful relief that comes from the performance of so laborious a duty now is his. Untroubled by the conflicting claims of different parts of the city, he can take a turn in the little square, watching the children trying to coax their sleds over the patches of snow and ice on the half-swept walks, or listening to the echoing peals from old St. George's tower not far away. Or, forgetful of the distracting pleas of the owners of houses, he can shut himself in his library and seek rest on the most comfortable of couches, or pursue his daily task at the rich mahogany table in the centre of the room.

Mr. Howells's library is not the typical workshop of the literary man. It is not in that state of confusion the secret of whose order and harmony is only known to the occupant. The beautiful Turkish rug on the floor is not bestrewn with dust and papers. The graceful Empire chairs standing here and there are not loaded with piles of books and pamphlets. These implements of the man of letters are all neatly arranged in regular order on the open shelves of the low bookcase along one side of the room. Some of them are concealed behind the velvet folds of dark maroon hangings. The quiet bindings of others stand exposed to the rapacious hand of the lover of books. Three or four of their companions may be resting in tasteful disorder on Mr. Howells's table; but there is no reason to think that they are ever permitted to loaf around and wander about like the printed vagabonds in the den of a Grub Street dweller.

This workshop of the painter of the dainty pictures of Venetian life might be easily taken for the little refuge of my lady, where she can read all the day long the pleasing romances whose heroes are so much like her own dear Sir Lancelot, or compose undisturbed those perfumed billets that she sends to him to chide him for some fancied neglect, or to thank him for some gracious act. It is away from the din of the street and up a flight of stairs. Between the two windows that look out on what the imagination may picture as my lady's garden, filled with her envious rivals, the roses, is a great mirror falling from ceiling to floor, to reveal to her innocent soul the beauty of her sweet face and the pleasing curves of her neck and arms. Under the black marble mantel blazes a cheerful fire to warm her dainty, slippered feet. Near is a little stand in the pattern of the Napoleonic age to hold a pretty vase or piece of sparkling glass. On the table, besides the books, is a little silver ink-stand resting on a piece of blotter. Not far away is a silver knife to cut the leaves of my lady's fashion journal. There is also a pen and a pencil; and last of all, a little lexicon to help my lady spell her billets right.

Most persons who have never seen Mr. Howells have an idea that he has the frame of a giant. Only such support, they imagine, could sustain the large head or belong to the broad shoulders disclosed in his portraits. But Mr. Howells is no giant, although he is no pigmy. He is quite stout, and while he is less than five feet six in height, his accumulation of flesh gives him the appearance of being shorter than he really is. Were a fever or a meagre diet to strip him of this surplus, I fancy that he would be called a small man—not so small, perhaps, as Mr. Cable, whom everybody has seen on the platform, but still weighing less than a hundred

and thirty pounds. At present he does not weigh far from one hundred and seventy.

In another way his portraits do not do him justice. While they give some indication of his gentleness and simplicity, they do not reveal these qualities like contact with the man. There is no trace of pretense or arrogance in speech or manner. There is no apparent consciousness of self. The visitor soon forgets that he is with Mr. Howells, the most eminent of American novelists and critics; he feels that he is with an old friend, who is interested in his fortunes and misfortunes, and sympathizes with him like a father or brother.

Mr. Howells is very charming, and yet somewhat disappointing to his visitors in one particular. He always enjoys hearing them talk; he gives them every opportunity to be as bright and witty as they can. He persists most exasperatingly in making no effort to silence them with some of his own abundant wit and brightness. When they come to go away they realize to a painful degree that they have heard none of the jokes that caused "A Letter of Introduction" to convulse them with laughter. They have not, in fact, observed the least indication of the vivacity of that charming farce. They see now that they have been spending a most enjoyable hour with a plain, quiet man. He did not refuse to talk, for he always said something when there were occasion and opportunity. What he had to say was always worth listening to, for it came from a mind rich in thought and experience. But he said it so quietly and unpretentiously that his visitors did not at the time attach to it quite the importance that they did to their own louder and more elaborately-expressed opinions.

## II.

I have already said that Mr. Howells had determined to come to New York long before he received the offer from the *Cosmopolitan*. It is generally supposed that this would be his first experience in the city. "This is a mistake," he said, alluding to this popular error, "because I have been here two winters before this. It was then that I got the material for what seems to be my most successful book except 'Venetian Life,' in point of sale and in point of general interest to the public. It is the 'Hazard of New Fortunes.' I naturally desired," he added in explanation of his purpose of making New York his future home, "to try the field again. It seemed to me a great field. All of my books had been about Boston, and I had the willingness that literary men have to try my hand in a new place."

"Does this city," I asked, "have any advantages over Boston for a literary man?"

"As to a comparison of the two places," said Mr. Howells, after thinking a moment before making his reply, "it seems to me quite impossible. I should not say that New York had any advantages over Boston for a literary man. I am by no means prepared to say that. There is, I think, a great deal in Boston for a man that looks at it in the right way. It is a town that belongs distinctively to the minor capitals like Athens and Florence. The place is so rich in associations and character of a certain kind that it is a delightful subject to deal with, and I get away from it with difficulty. I have had a kind of passionate interest in it. I have been intensely interested in it. It is a beautiful place. It is full of social suggestion, and I think it is the most open-minded place in the country. It appeals strongly to the student of human nature and history as the capital of New England. I know very well that people generally do not have the ardent affection for it that I have, and New York has some advantages over Boston in the hold that it has upon the curiosity of the country at large. Every American, you know, south, east, north and west, is curious about New York. He wants to know what it is like. Anything that deals with New York appeals to him. These advantages over Boston are mechanical advantages, I should say; at any rate, they are not vital advantages."

"Do you think that New York is as favorable to a literary man as London or Paris? That is, does it bestow upon him the same sympathy and appreciation?"

"I do not know Paris at all. As for London, you know that every literary man of note is gone for by society as a sort of curio. Whether that is sympathy or appreciation, you can judge. In New York or elsewhere any self-respecting man gets all the sympathy and appreciation that is good for him, whether he works in literature or not."

Thus the artists that rail at the New York public for its indifference do not, in Mr. Howells's

opinion, have any just reason for their complaints. It does not prevent them any more than it does the writer from producing great works. As bearing upon this point, I put the following question to Mr. Howells: "Do you regard sympathy and appreciation as important elements in stimulating the highest literary production?"

"I do not. Sympathy and appreciation are undoubtedly necessary to a man's comfort, but not to the production of his best work. Often a man is stimulated to his best efforts by a want of sympathy and appreciation. They are not unfrequently called forth by opposition and antagonism. Nothing is worse for any artist than a continual murmur of praise. It weakens effort; it may content him with his second best."

"Do you read the criticisms on your own work, and how do they affect you?"

"I used to read all the criticisms on my books. I used to look them up. I still read those that happen in my way. I do not look them up any longer. Some of them are sent to me; others fall under my notice accidentally. Every man likes a word of praise or a friendly word; and everybody is hurt by dispraise and unfriendliness whether he deserves it or not. It is never a question whether he deserves it, as far as the hurting goes."

"Did you ever get any help from the criticisms that you read?"

"I don't think so. I have got a good deal of help from some spoken and specific criticisms, and I perpetually criticize and censure my work as it goes on from day to day. Criticism can help readers, but not authors."

"What have you to say to the charge that you create no noble women?"

"This criticism always seems to me extremely comical. I once said to a lady who asked me, 'Why don't you give us a grand, noble, perfect woman?' that I was waiting for the Almighty to begin. I think that women, as a rule, are better and nobler than men, but they are not perfect. I am extremely opposed to what are called ideal characters. I think their portrayal is mischievous; it is altogether offensive to me as an artist; and as far as morality goes I believe that when an artist tries to create an ideal he mixes some truth up with a vast deal of sentimentality and produces something that is extremely noxious as well as nauseous. I think that no man can consistently portray a probable type of human character without being useful to his readers. When he endeavors to create something higher than that he plays the fool himself and tempts his readers to folly. He tempts young men and young women to try to form themselves upon models that would be detestable in life, if they were ever found there."

"Do you think that literary men ever reach a point of excellence beyond which it is impossible to go, however much they may strive to correct what they regard as their faults?"

"Never," replied Mr. Howells, with unusual emphasis. "They never reach that point of excellence. They may be mentally or physically incapable of going beyond a certain point; they may be the victims of certain limitations. But they never reach a point where improvement is impossible. Excellence is a thing aimed at, but rarely achieved, if you use the word in its better sense. My own experience is," added Mr. Howells, making a confession that will be as surprising as it will be comforting to young writers, "that everything I attempt is an experiment. I used to think, when I first began to write, that when I had struck my gait I could get along easily and without difficulty. I have found, however, that each new book is a new thing. It is a new problem to be solved. But the labor and hardship constitute its interest and pleasure. If it were not so I fear that I should not enjoy my work."

"May I ask you what you regard as your shortcomings as a writer of fiction?"

"Really, I ought to refer you to my critics, who know a great many in me. I have been blamed for keeping too close to the realities; I think my great crying fault is that I have not kept close enough to them. It is a fault I am always trying to mend; but the inherent vice of habit is often too much for me, and I sometimes find myself reproducing literature instead of reproducing life."

"You have, Mr. Howells, already spoken of the advantages of Boston and New York to the literary man. I should like to ask you why it is that great cities do not, as a rule, produce great writers—or, rather, why is it that most of our great writers have been born in what are known as the provinces?"

"It is a very curious fact," said Mr. Howells in reply, "that where the appliances are, the men are not. Men grow up in the country and then seek the city for the opportunity to do their work. The appliances in the city do not appear

to create the men there; they summon them from elsewhere. Artists come up from the country in the same way that literary men do. But when we remember that John Milton was born in London and Dante in Florence, we cannot say that great cities do not produce great writers. The rule, however, is rather against them, and these two are supreme exceptions."

I have always been struck by the fact that many of our best and most popular writers have not been college graduates. To this supposed unfortunate class belong Mr. Howells himself, Mr. Thomas Bailey Aldrich, Mr. George W. Cable, Mr. Frank Stockton, Mr. Bret Harte, Mark Twain, and several others, not to mention such well-known women as Mrs. Burnett, Miss Murfree, and Miss Woolson. I asked Mr. Howells how it was that they had achieved success in spite of their lack of the great blessing of a college training.

"I cannot account for it," he replied.

"Do you regard a college training," I continued, "as essential to the production of imaginative literature?"

"I should say that it was not essential," answered Mr. Howells. "But I think no literary man can be too well trained for his work. A university is merely an opportunity, however. A man may have it and still not be much of a man. Yet I think that the man who has the stuff in him, so to speak, is all the better for having received a training in a college or university. I had no such training myself, but I wish I had."

"Do you think that a college training would have added anything to your powers?"

"I cannot say. That is a purely speculative topic. When I used to lament my want of it in talking with Mr. Lowell, he would comfort me by saying that his own learning had made him top-heavy; but I knew he was speaking as a friend and a humorist. Dr. Homburger, a famous critic, who has reviewed my books in Germany, is of the opinion that the peculiar over-training of the Germans in the universities has weakened their imaginative force, and that the Americans are making better fiction with poorer training because their imagination has not been ground out of them. Not having had a college training myself, it is impossible for me to say how much it would have helped me. In my own case I tried to supply the want of one. I was brought up in a printing-office. My father was, or rather, is—for he is still alive—an extremely intelligent man; and we had always a good library, which he taught me the use of and the delight of. I took up Spanish when I was about thirteen or fourteen years old. I studied German at the same time. I got a 'little Latin and less Greek' after my day's work was done. I learned to read French from my knowledge of other languages. I know Italian quite well. But it is not a scholarly use of these languages that I have; it is merely a literary use."

"Do you regard the study of Greek and Latin literature as in any way essential to the production of modern literature?"

"No; not essential. But I should say that it would be extremely useful to know both languages. A man cannot know too many things, or too well, especially if he is a writer."

"Does not a study of these literatures or of any model tend to destroy originality?"

"I should say that every young man began by imitating. I imitated Dickens, Thackeray, Irving, Goldsmith, Addison, and, above all, Heine. I think that Heine had a greater influence on me than any one else. The study of models does not destroy originality, though it may retard it. A young man must get his weapons any way he can. After a time he begins to tire of imitating; he feels that it is worth while to be himself and not somebody else. He then tries to do his work in his own way."

"What sort of a training would you advise for a young writer contemplating a career in imaginative literature?"

"The study of authors who will teach him how to study life. How can there be any other school? People talk of style as if it could be acquired; but you can no more acquire style than you can acquire a shape of nose, or a color of eyes; you can acquire a gutta-serena nose or a glass eye, and you can acquire a trick of phrase, but they will never belong to you. On the constructive side a writer must always ask himself, 'Is this life-like?' On the representative side he must ask himself, 'Is this like life?' That is the only possible training."

"How do you account for the universal prevalence of the scribbling mania, as indicated by the great mass of manuscripts sent to the magazines? Do you think it prevails to the same extent in other countries, and does it indicate a more hopeful outlook for literature?"

"I do not know how to account for it except that the American mind is constantly stimulated

to activity of this kind by the educational facilities afforded in this country. I do not believe that it prevails to the same extent in other countries. I cannot say whether it indicates a more hopeful outlook for literature."

"Do you mean to say that our public schools are responsible?"

"I think they are. But I do not think it a bad thing—this immense amount of writing that is done. Only a small amount of it ever gets printed. So the public is spared. It is a benefit to the writer. He learns the power of expression, which cannot be regarded as an evil. Most of the scribbling is done by young and old people. Why should they not, if they like, put their minds to this sort of work? It does no harm to any one; it may, and generally does, do the writers some good, for if one thinks merely how to say a thing, at least he thinks. It is the thoughtless who are to be deplored."

"Do you think that the habit of reading so prevalent in the United States is as beneficial as is usually thought? Does it not, as Schopenhauer says, tend to repress mental activity?"

"The habit of reading is like any other habit, and may be good or bad. Most habitual readers are readers of novels; when you come to inquire them out you will find that they are hardly readers of anything else. Whether they get any good from their reading or not depends upon the kind of novels they read. I think a great novel is the highest effect of mental endeavor in the literary way. But most people do not read great novels; they read poor little novels, and so they get very little good from their reading, which is a kind of drugging of the mind. Still the habit is, I think, to be encouraged, for a man or woman may be induced to read something else besides trash. If they once acquire the habit of reading good novels they may not always be content with the poor ones that they have spent their time on. That is a hope and a chance."

FRANKLIN SMITH.

#### SHEEP-HERDING IN MEXICO.

SHEEP-HERDING, of which we give some illustrations on another page, is one of the important industries of Mexico. A difficulty in the prosecution of the business is the great scarcity of water; and frequent contests arise on this account among the herdsmen and the ranch-owners. The latter, in making their purchases of land for ranch purposes, always select tracts along the streams, and thus, to a great extent, pre-empt the water-rights of the country. The sheep-herders, being thus cut off from the ordinary and natural supplies, quite frequently undertake to water their herds at the streams of the ranchmen—driving in their flocks *en masse*. Conflicts inevitably result, and the ranchmen, having the law on their side, are usually, of course, the conquerors. One of our pictures shows one of these disputes in progress, while another shows the herdsmen after they have been vanquished, "pulling out." Another picture shows the method of "smoking" Mexicans, that word being simply a synonym for the shooting of obnoxious characters.

#### PHASES OF METROPOLITAN LIFE.—V. THE "SPARRING EXHIBITION."

It may seem a trifle shocking, at first glance, to find depicted among the familiar "phases of metropolitan life" the gory, Sullivanesque prize-fight. But such are the plain terms of the matter, though the populace usually call these delectable events "slugging matches," and the athletic club men euphemistically refer to them as "sparring exhibitions." The public arena, in New York, is our proud temple of Diana, our local Circus Maximus, otherwise known as the Madison Square Garden. Here the peaceable chicken show, the bizarre cake walk, and the pious annual convention of the Christian Endeavor societies alternate with the gladiatorialistic encounter, and multitudes of from 12,000 to 15,000 people congregate to see the second-best man knocked out in three or four rounds, as the case may be, by the momentary "champion," whose prowess is sung in the popular refrain:

"I looked him over careful,  
But I couldn't find no eye."

It is evident that this brutal sport must have some powerful backing to enjoy such legal immunity and unrestricted vogue. The source of this protective backing is not far to seek. It is the great athletic organizations who, instead of occupying themselves with the legitimate development of gentlemanly sport, openly encourage and protect professional pugilism. Not only do our distinguished townsmen in the athletic clubs glory in this cultivation of the slugging

science, but they enjoy therein the enthusiastic indorsement and patronage of our very highest social, administrative, and legal luminaries.

The portraits of "some of the members, and their honored guests," among Mr. Gribaydoff's sketches (on page 116) of an entertainment given in the gymnasium of one of Gotham's most swell organizations, will be recognized by many of our readers, and give some idea of the tone of the affair. In the *Sun's* account of this same entertainment (presided over by an ex-professional pugilist in the club's employ) the following graphic passages occur: "In 1 minute and 52 seconds from the time the round started, D—— went down in a heap, and had to be carried to his corner." "The Jersey City man fell like a log, flat on his face, knocked completely out in 20 seconds." "G—— grinned and went to his corner, while D——'s seconds were five minutes in restoring their man to consciousness." It was a glorious evening; and the thousand or more members who had paid a dollar each for their own tickets, and two dollars apiece for those of their honored guests, departed "well pleased with the boxing." Of course the gentlemen with the trip-hammer fists, who did the boxing, were remunerated at rates very considerably in advance of those prevailing on the lecture platform.

A prominent official of this club, on the occasion referred to, frankly defined his attitude toward the employment of professional pugilists, to the exclusion of amateurs, as follows: "What our members want is conscientious boxing, and the sort they had to-night seems to suit them exactly. They demand something of that kind, and as they would not tolerate the amateurs, we have provided the professionals."

As patrons of gentlemanly athletics and legitimate sport, there is reason to fear that our leading clubs are sadly degenerating.

#### OUR FOREIGN PICTURES.

##### "THE FATHER OF THE HOUSE."

THE "Father of the British House of Commons" is Rt. Hon. Charles Pelham Villiers, who is eight years Mr. Gladstone's senior, and has represented Wolverhampton continuously ever since 1835. He has in his time filled several ministerial offices, and has figured prominently in connection with legislation. He was one of the earliest and strongest opponents of the Corn Laws, and is regarded as having paved the way for Cobden and Bright, and the adoption of the free-trade policy by Sir Robert Peel and Lord John Russell. Mr. Gladstone offered his old colleague a peerage, but he refused to leave the House of Commons, though of late years his age has prevented his doing more than putting in a very occasional appearance.

##### RELIGIOUS TROUBLES IN GREECE.

The American Protestant Mission Church at the Piræus was recently the scene of a riotous demonstration on the part of a mob of frenzied Athenians. The church was in the hands of the mob for three hours; it was pillaged, and all the books, pews, seats, harmonium, etc., soaked with petroleum and burnt on the public square before it. After some three hours some troops came up, only in time to save the building itself from utter destruction. Many of the congregation took shelter at the Italian consulate in the same square, but most sought refuge at the British consulate in a pitiable condition, pursued by the infuriated crowd. The consulate was for a time surrounded by several hundred people. And all this in Athens!

##### LAOS SOLDIERS.

The Laos States, occupying the northern and eastern provinces of Siam, are gradually coming under the influence of Christian nations, and they are designed to fill an important place in the history of future political complications growing out of the frontier controversies between two great Powers. Laos is already the subject of divided aspirations and European jealousies, and these will some day break out into open conflict. The Laos are for the most part an inoffensive, unwarlike, and peace-loving race, and number altogether between 1,500,000 and 2,000,000. They use elephants in connection with their soldiery, who are by no means formidable either in fighting qualities or equipment. Our picture is from the *London Illustrated News*.

##### SLAVERY ON THE ZAMBESI.

Sir John Willoughby gives in the *London Graphic* a vivid account of the Portuguese method of governing their possessions on the banks of the Zambesi in southeastern Africa, revealing a system of violence and oppression which is strangely inconsistent with the spirit of the present age. The condition of the slaves is especially deplorable. They are treated with the utmost cruelty, and often are whipped to

death for the slightest offense. An idea of the treatment they receive is supplied by our picture from the *Graphic*, and which the writer describes as follows: "At Matakania, sixteen miles below Zumbo, I saw two gangs of slaves, each consisting of a dozen women, mostly with little children on their backs, and all chained together by means of heavy lengths of chains attached to iron rings round their necks. These were being employed in portage between the stockade and the river."

##### THE RUSSIAN FAMINE.

The horrors of the Russian famine show no sign of abatement. Recent dispatches from Penza, in the southwestern part of what is known as Great Russia, state that the suffering among the peasants is indescribable. The thermometer has registered fifty-eight degrees below zero, the cold being so intense that birds drop dead from the trees, while many persons have been frozen to death on the highways. A large quantity of grain for the famine sufferers has arrived at Penza, but it is impossible to distribute it among the peasants in the surrounding country, owing to the fact that nearly all the horses have been killed for food or sold to procure money with which to buy the absolute necessities of life. Five thousand horses have been killed in Penza alone, and it is estimated that several millions of draught animals have been killed throughout the empire since autumn. Typhus fever, small-pox, and diphtheria are causing many deaths. Our picture, reproduced from the *London Illustrated News*, represents a clergyman addressing the famished people and exhorting them to patience.

##### THE NEW CONGRESSMAN.

MR. CLINEDINST's picture on our front page tells its own story. The new Congressman, representing a rural constituency, has reached the scene of his coming labors and triumphs. For the first time he beholds the sights and breathes the air of the nation's capital. Like a good man and true, he has brought his family with him in order that they may share the enjoyments of the life upon which he is about to enter. He has reached his hotel, and standing at its portal with the family group, gives directions as to the disposition of his luggage. He realizes that he is a representative of the power and dignity of the United States, and his orders, therefore, have the calm and deliberate emphasis which comes with the sense of authority. Presently he will be safely housed, and then, later on, he will appear in the House and take up the dignities and responsibilities of his office. There he will very speedily find his level. There is no place in the world where pretense is so quickly found out and a man's real merits, however obscure he may be, find such ready recognition as in the House of Representatives.

##### THE THEATRES.

"SQUIRE KATE" is still drawing large houses at the Lyceum. It is a play radically different from those we have been accustomed to see upon that stage, and this fact alone, perhaps, constitutes one of its chief drawing qualities. It is finely staged and superbly acted.

"A Trip to Chinatown" is the most successful of all the rattling farces on the boards, and now that it has secured the services of that somewhat injudiciously advertised young woman, Loie Fuller, her appearance in her sensational serpentine dance is liable to make things theatrical hum in the neighborhood of Madison Square.



MISS LOIE FULLER IN HER SERPENTINE DANCE.

#### CHARLES L. PACK.

MR. CHARLES LATHROP PACK, the forestry expert, whose picture is given herewith, is a native of Michigan, having been born in that State some thirty-six years ago. In his earlier years he was a companion of Edison, the electrician. He has devoted a good deal of his time for many years to the study, both in this country and in Germany, of the problem of forest growing and forest preservation. He has advocated a compulsory system of scientific forestry under government supervision, requiring the replacing of trees and forests by those who impair or destroy them. It is obvious that something will need to be done, and done quickly, unless we would expose ourselves to a continuance of floods, droughts, and forest fires. Our present inattention and neglect of this important subject are responsible for the devastation of many fertile districts by fire and the encroachments of so-called civilization. Our forest area is now less per square mile than that of any of the countries of Europe. The timely articles by Mr. Pack on this subject, which have been printed in the newspapers, have helped to awaken attention to its importance, and he is entitled to great credit for his zeal in the matter. Mr. Pack resides in Cleveland, Ohio, where he has an elegant home on Euclid Avenue.



CHARLES L. PACK, FORESTRY EXPERT.



RHODE ISLAND.—THE PROPOSED NEW STATE CAPITOL AT PROVIDENCE.—FROM THE DESIGNS OF THE ARCHITECTS, MESSRS. MCKIM, MEAD & WHITE.

#### RHODE ISLAND'S NEW CAPITOL.

RHODE ISLAND, though so small and so thickly populated, has of late suffered from the separate interests of the large city and the remainder of the State, like other States, and one of the questions bringing those interests into open conflict has been in relation to having a new State House. Newport, one of the capitals of the State, has feared lest, if the new building were at Providence, the fact would withdraw influence from the Newport voice in State matters, and an outcry was raised in that city and some of the country districts against expending the \$1,000,000 which it was proposed to put into the building. A commission appointed in 1890, led by Governor Ladd, has just made its report, accepting, after a contest between local and outside architects, a plan for a State House presented by McKim, Mead & White, of New York, who were the architects of the Boston

Public Library. To the general surprise the recommendation of the plan by the commission has almost won the support of former opponents of the State House scheme. There is now no gainsaying that the architects have done a good deal to preserve the dignity of the commission and arouse citizens all over the State to a public-spirited interest in the demand of the State departments for a new home. Criticism from the southern part of the State has changed to discussion of the feasibility of erecting the building on a particular site, and the newspapers and public officials regard the popular vote that will be necessary to authorize the issue of the bonds for the construction of the building as a foregone affirmation.

No site has been finally selected, but the commission asked all the architects in the competition to adapt the building they were to plan to a side hill, making it face north and south, with the façade at the south. This reminds one that Burdette once said it was necessary to go up-stairs in Providence to get to the cellar. His exaggeration fits the case, for the commission, though without a site, has planned to have the cellar of the State House up a hill. McKim, Mead & White's perspective, therefore, shows a building with terraces on three sides of it, a grand expanse of terraces and steps before the *porte-cochère* of the front entrance, and above this rising with stateliness suitable for such a location to a central motive in the shape of a lofty and impressive dome, a mass which shoots upward above all that could surround it, with abundant lightness, grace, and suggestiveness. The whole design is, in a word, simple, chaste, and monumental, with nothing omitted that is now thought of by the public, and nothing that looks as if it had been fastened on or lugged in.

The shape is rectangular, with the following dimensions: Length, 250 feet; breadth, 128 feet; ground area, 34,706 square feet; floor area, 104,118 square feet; area of interior used in corridors, staircases, etc., 36,530 square feet; area for occupation, 67,588 square feet; total cubic contents, 2,113,756 cubic feet.

After the general classic aspect of the building one notes the generous use of the pantheonic idea in the outside walls, which fairly balances the window openings and blank space on each wall. The balconies attached to the second-story windows are not to be considered essential to the new building, but may be taken away altogether, or at symmetrical points. The massing of the design into a strong composition by effects beginning at the very steps of the façade, the destruction of any abruptness in the rise of the dome from the roof by locating four tourelles or lanterns about the dome, and the directness and spirited force of the lines running upward to the roof and thence led toward the dome, by their relative importance if not

by actual geometry, are likewise particulars which Rhode Island people have liked in the plan. The general opinion is that the architects have caught the loyal idea of Rhode Island public feeling and framed it into this design with comprehensive and telling effect.

As for the interior, the simplicity of the exterior is there, developed and utilized for every required excellence. The entrances are into a memorial hall beneath the great dome, with the light coming from above, and staircases ascending at the sides. The legislative halls are in the wings on the second floor, and are lighted from the roof, to which rise the walls, with galleries. The library is at the rear of the building, on the same floor. Corridors run the length of the building on each side.

The cost of the building, according to the plan and the estimates of good builders, is about \$1,000,000. The most highly recommended proposition is that it be of white marble, which, it is estimated, will make its cost \$1,083,000. This definiteness of the probable cost is accounted for by the fact that the architects who competed for the acceptance of plans for the proposed building were required not only to keep within \$1,250,000 in their consideration of cost, but to furnish a builder's name who would guarantee to erect the structure for a price within that limit.



THE LATE NOAH PORTER, D.D., LL.D.  
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY PACH BROS.—[SEE PAGE 115.]



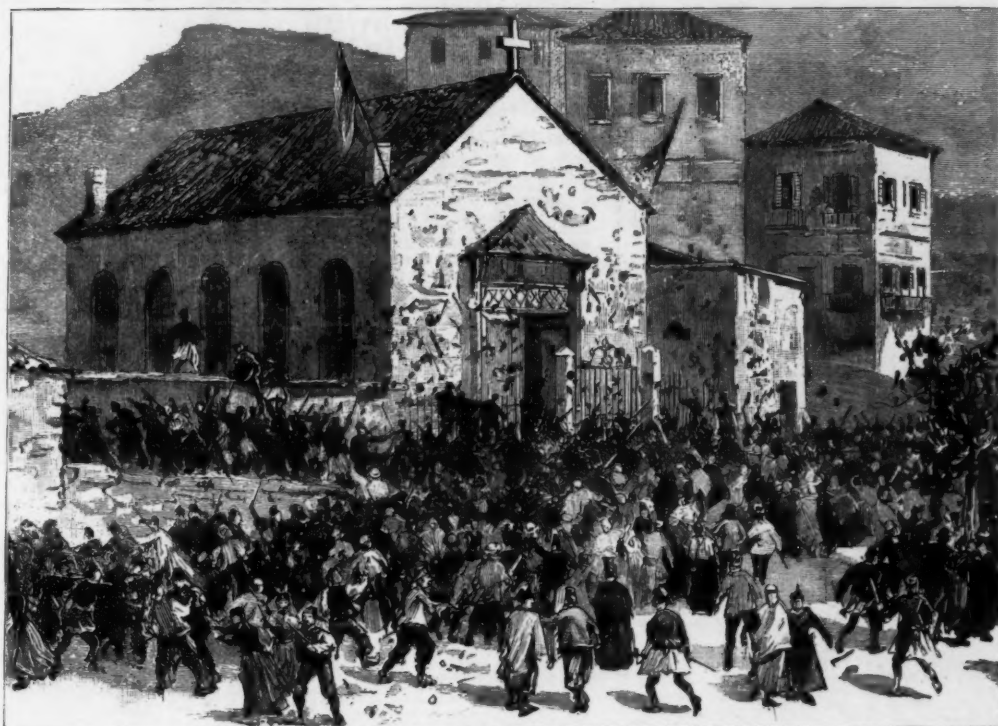
HON WILLIAM M. SPRINGER, CHAIRMAN OF THE  
HOUSE COMMITTEE ON WAYS AND MEANS  
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BELL



A BODY OF LAOS SOLDIERS.



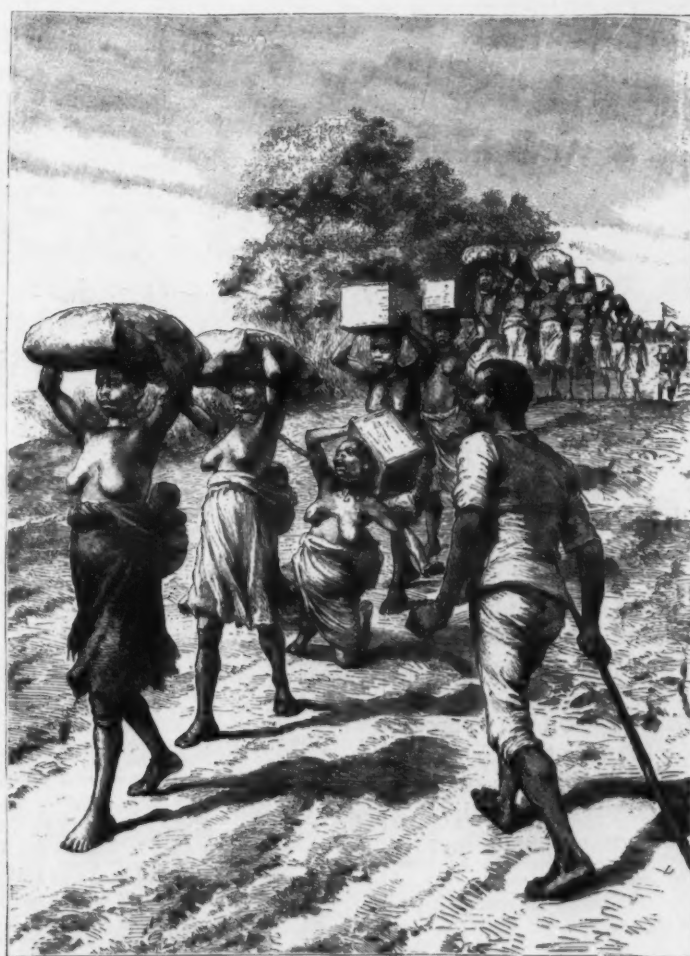
RIGHT HON. CHARLES PELHAM VILLIERS, M.P., "FATHER OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS."



ATTACK ON THE AMERICAN PROTESTANT CHURCH IN ATHENS.



THE FAMINE IN RUSSIA—PRIEST REMONSTRATING WITH ENRAGED PEASANTS.



A SLAVE-GANG IN THE PORTUGUESE DISTRICT OF SOUTHEASTERN AFRICA.

SOME INTERESTING FOREIGN EVENTS ILLUSTRATED.—[SEE PAGE 119.]

Mr. J. HARPER BONNELL has furnished all the ink for FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY for many years to the entire satisfaction of the publishers, and since the formation of his new company he has excelled himself. The inks made by the J. Harper Bonnell Company are specially adapted for fine engraving and half-tone printing. This week's paper is a sample of the kind of work these inks can do, and give us the utmost satisfaction.

Facts for the people.—Salvation Oil kills all pain and costs but twenty-five cents a bottle. If you want to rest well at night, ease your cough by using Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup.

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THE spring is the time for short vacations, and no better holiday could be arranged than that presented by a Pennsylvania Railroad personally-conducted tour to Washington, D. C., covering a period of three days. These tours, in charge of a tourist agent, have been the favorite medium for reviewing Washington, a city replete with interesting buildings, crowded with relics. The dates for the remaining tours in the series are March 17th, April 7th and 28th, and May 19th. The rate from New York is \$12.50, and this includes railroad fare in special train, hotel accommodations in Washington, and meals en route. The rate of \$11 from New York includes railroad fare and hotel accommodations only. The descriptive itinerary prepared for these tours is interesting, and it, with detailed information, will be sent upon application to Tourist Agent, Pennsylvania Railroad, 849 Broadway, New York.

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The Denver and Rio Grande Railroad is the only line running trains directly to the camp. For information, rates of fare, etc., address S. K. Hooper, G. P. and T. A., Denver.

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2,288 sold in '89  
6,268 sold in '90  
20,049 sold in '91  
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